

# CRACK WESTERN

AN ARIZONA RAINES THRILLER...

"STAGECOACH TO  
OBLIVION!"





[illegible]



# ★ 10th ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS ★

FEATURING GUARANTEED QUALITY

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No. 102



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No. 408 \$1.95  
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Beautiful man's ring of 1/30th 14kt. yellow Gold plate with rich Masonic emblem on lustrous ruby-red back.



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Nervous and handsome man's ring of 1/30th 14kt. yellow Gold plate set with 3 brilliant imitation diamonds.



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A full carat size genuine Zircon. A great men's ring that will give years of happiness. In 1/30th 14kt. yellow GOLD plate. A REAL BUY.



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Your birthstone color dramatically set amid rows of imitation diamonds. 1/30th 14kt. GOLD plate. In all birthstone colors.



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Watch \_\_\_\_\_ Birthmonth \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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# Arizona RAINES

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN... BUT IT DID!!

A STAGECOACH, THUNDERING DOWN A NARROW MOUNTAIN TRAIL SIMPLY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR! ARIZONA RAINES AND SPURS SAW IT HAPPEN... AND TO SAVE THEIR OWN SANITY THEY HAD TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY... EVEN IF IT MEANT BUYING PASSAGE ON THE NEXT...

**"STAGECOACH  
to  
OBLIVION!"**





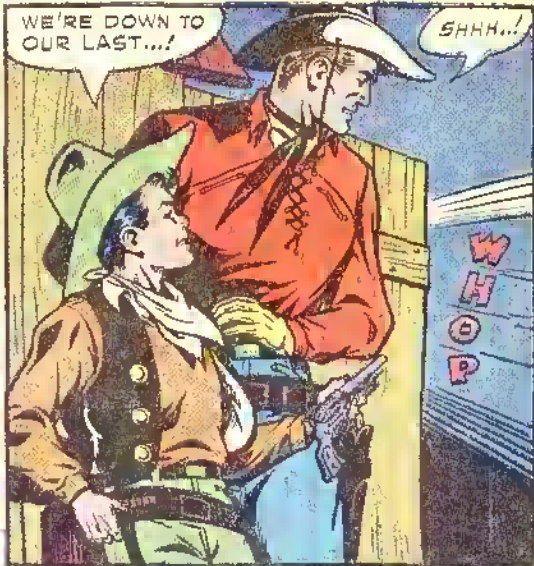
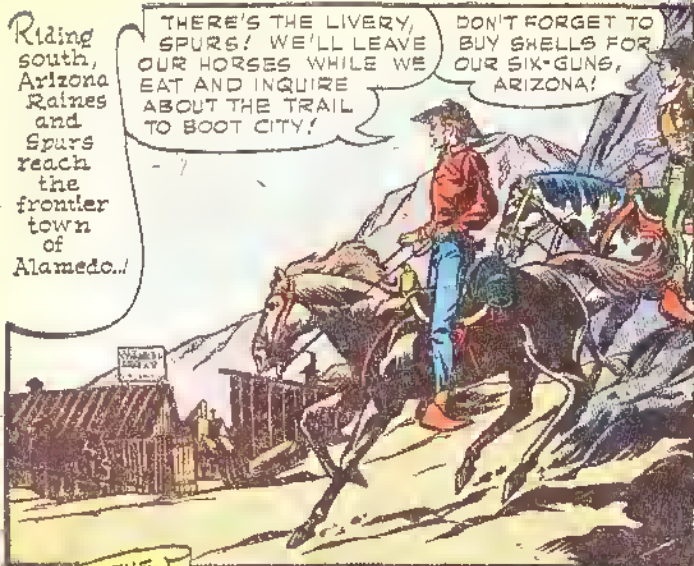
Riding south, Arizona Raines and Spurs reach the frontier town of Alameda.

THERE'S THE LIVERY, SPURS! WE'LL LEAVE OUR HORSES WHILE WE EAT AND INQUIRE ABOUT THE TRAIL TO BOOT CITY!

DON'T FORGET TO BUY SHELLS FOR OUR SIX-GUNS, ARIZONA!

WE'RE DOWN TO OUR LAST...!

SHHH...!



INSIDE THE STABLE...

HURRY UP! THIS SHE-DEVIL'S HARDER TO HOLD THAN A SACK OF BOBCATS!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! WE GOTTA DO THIS JOB RIGHT!



WHEN I GET THROUGH, THE OLD BUZZARD AIN'T GONNA DRIVE NO STAGECOACH WITH THESE HANDS!



I'LL SMASH 'EM SO HE...  
EEEOW!



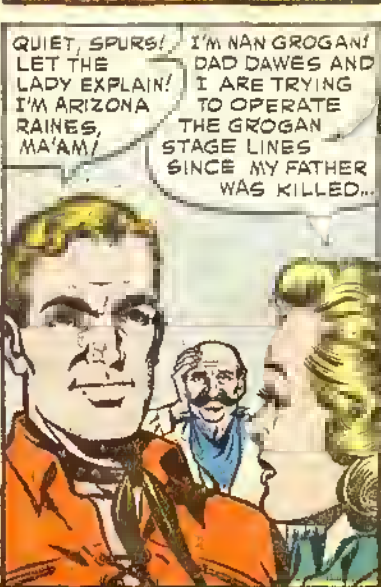
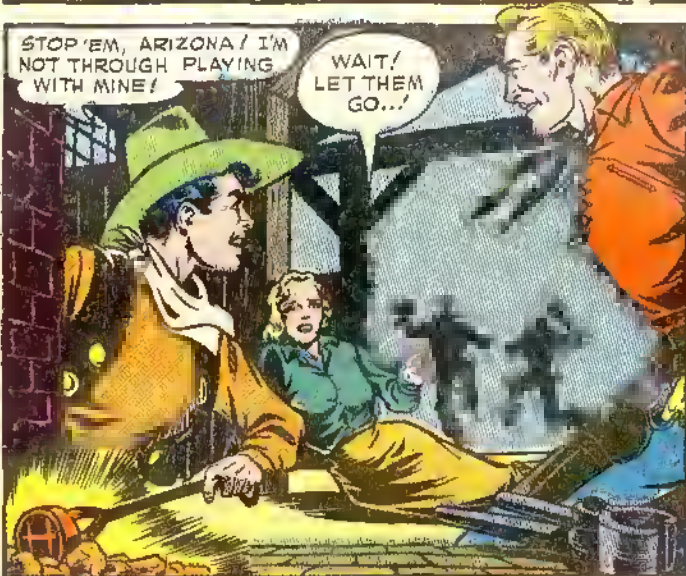
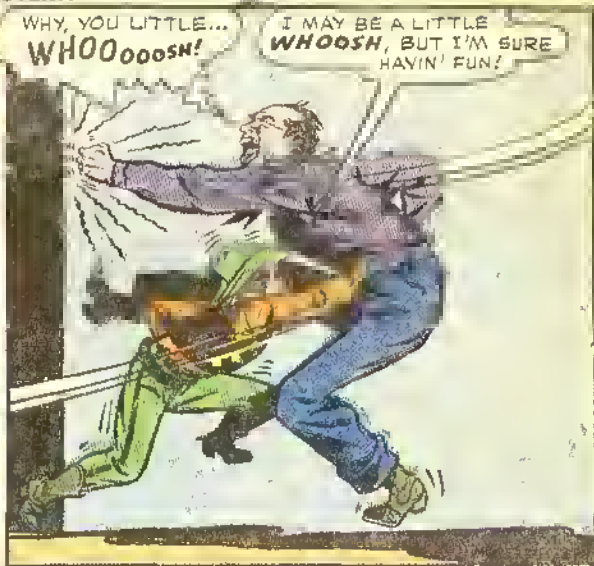
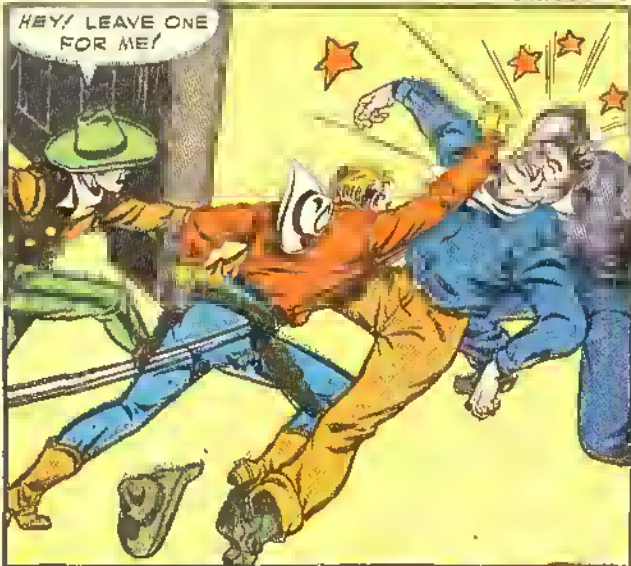
GO AHEAD, POLECAT! GO FOR YOUR GUNS! I'D ENJOY DRILLING A RAT LIKE YOU!

YUH NOSEY STRANGER! I'LL...

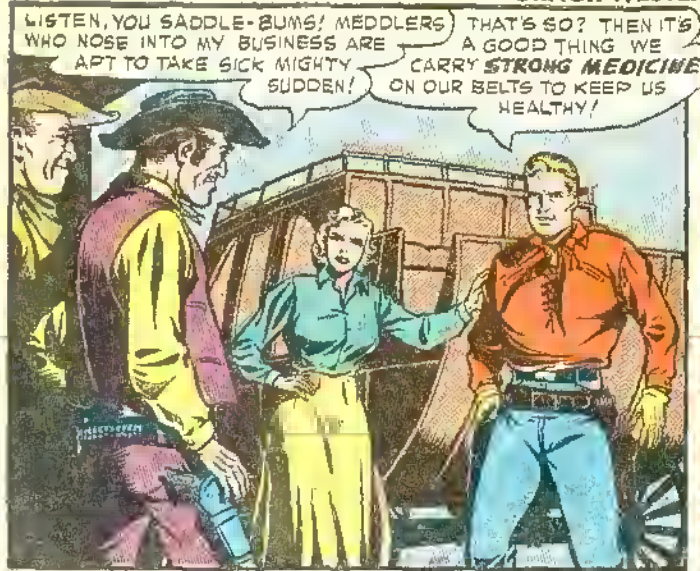


YUH NEVER LEARN, DO YOU, BUZZARD BAIT?









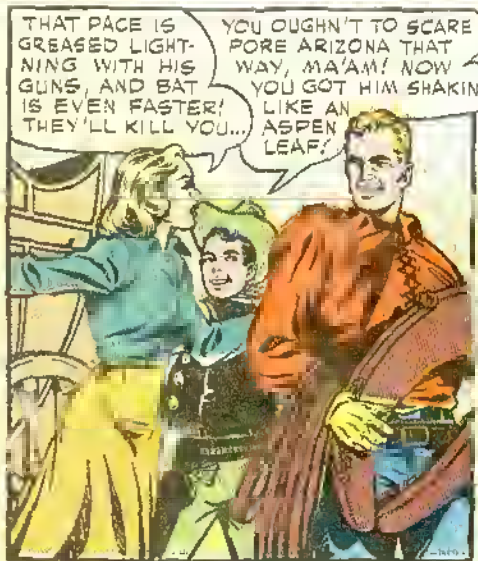
LISTEN, YOU SADDLE-BUMS! MEDDLERS WHO NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS ARE APT TO TAKE SICK MIGHTY SUDDEN!

THAT'S SO? THEN IT'S A GOOD THING WE CARRY **STRONG MEDICINE** ON OUR BELTS TO KEEP US HEALTHY!



GET THE HORSES, PACE! WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TEND TO RIGHT NOW! THIS CAN WAIT!

SURE, BAT! BUT I WANNA MEET THIS SMART RANNY LATER, WHEN WE GOT NOTHIN' TO DO BUT ENJOY IT!



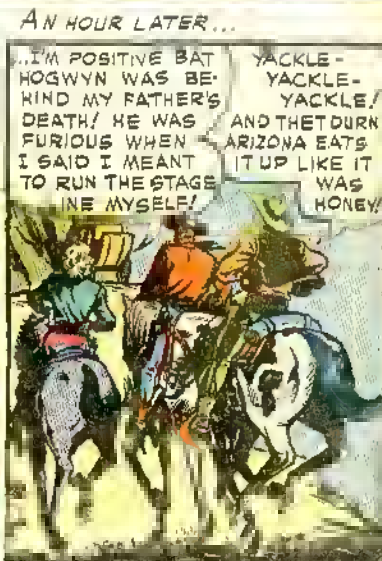
THAT PACE IS GREASED LIGHTNING WITH HIS GUNS, AND BAT IS EVEN FASTER! THEY'LL KILL YOU...

YOU OUGHN'T TO SCARE PORE ARIZONA THAT WAY, MA'AM! NOW YOU GOT HIM SHAKIN' LIKE AN ASPEN LEAF!



WE'RE HEADING FOR BOOT CITY OURSELVES, MISS MAN! WE'LL TRAIL BEHIND AND SORT OF KEEP AN EYE ON THE TRIP!

THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL! I'M RIDING BEHIND, TOO! WE CAN RIDE TOGETHER!



AN HOUR LATER...

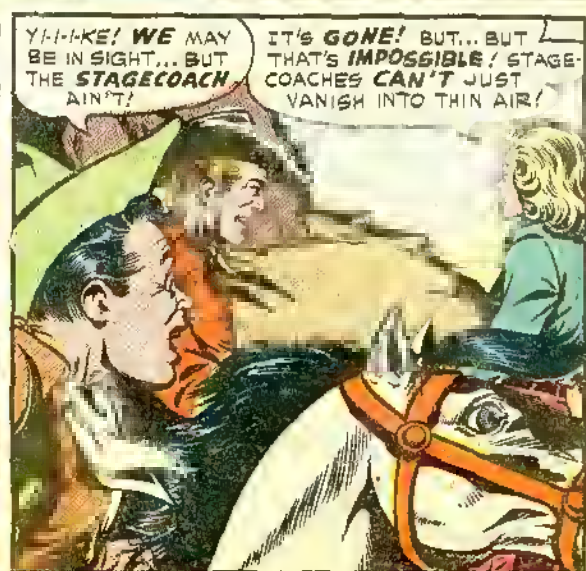
...I'M POSITIVE BAT HOGWYN WAS BEHIND MY FATHER'S DEATH! HE WAS FURIOUS WHEN I SAID I MEANT TO RUN THE STAGE LINE MYSELF!

YACKLE-YACKLE-YACKLE! AND THE TOWN ARIZONA EATS IT UP LIKE IT WAS HONEY.



THE COACH IS GOING OUT OF SIGHT! WE'D BETTER CLOSE IN A LITTLE, IN CASE THAT VARMINT TRIES TO AMBUSH IT!

THERE'S NO SPOT TO STAGE AN AMBUSH ON THE CANYON TRAIL, ARIZONA! WE'LL BE IN SIGHT AGAIN WHEN IT ROUNDS THAT CURVE!



Y-I-I-IKE! WE MAY BE IN SIGHT... BUT THE **STAGE COACH** AIN'T!

IT'S **GONE!** BUT... BUT THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** STAGE COACHES CAN'T JUST VANISH INTO THIN AIR!



# CRACK WESTERN



IT DIDN'T GO OVER THE EDGE!

BUT THERE'S NO TURN-OFF OR HIDING PLACE! YOU CAN SEE THE TRAIL HAS BEEN BLASTED OUT OF SHEER ROCK!



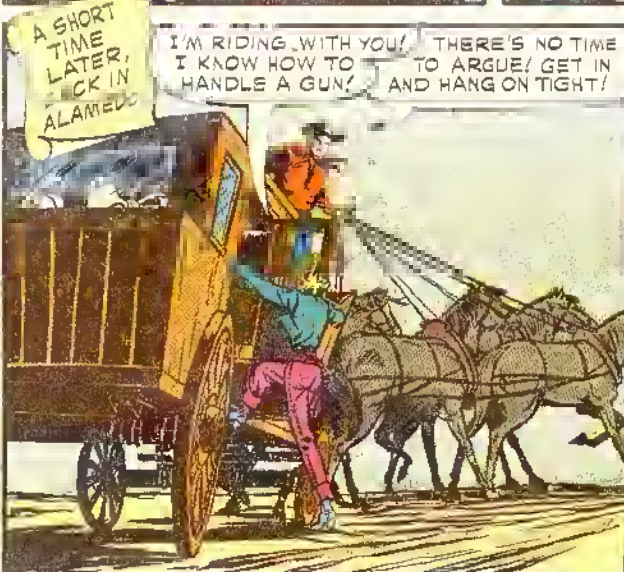
THEY'RE GONE! POOR DAD DAWES AND MY PASSENGERS!

YOUR FRANCHISE'LL BE GONE, TOO, AT SUNDOWN! QUICK, MISS NAN! YOU'VE GOT TO GET ANOTHER COACH THROUGH!



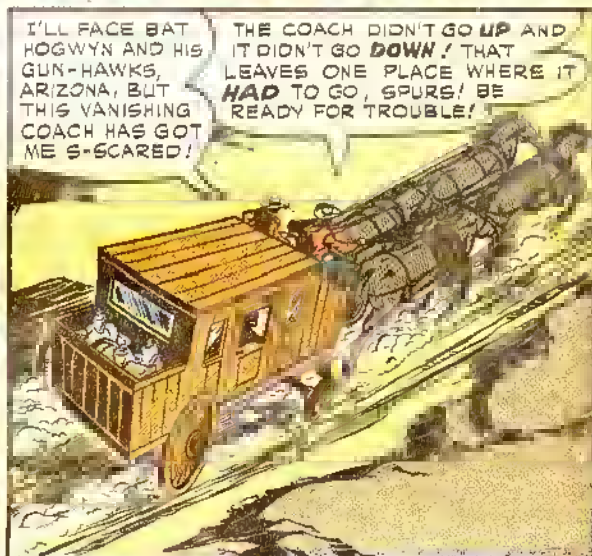
WE'LL FIND THEM! THIS IS SOME TRICK OF THAT BAT HOGWYN'S! IF YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER COACH, I'LL DRIVE IT TO BOOT CITY!

THERE'S AN OLD WRECK WE'D QUIT USING, BUT IT WILL RUN THAT FAR!



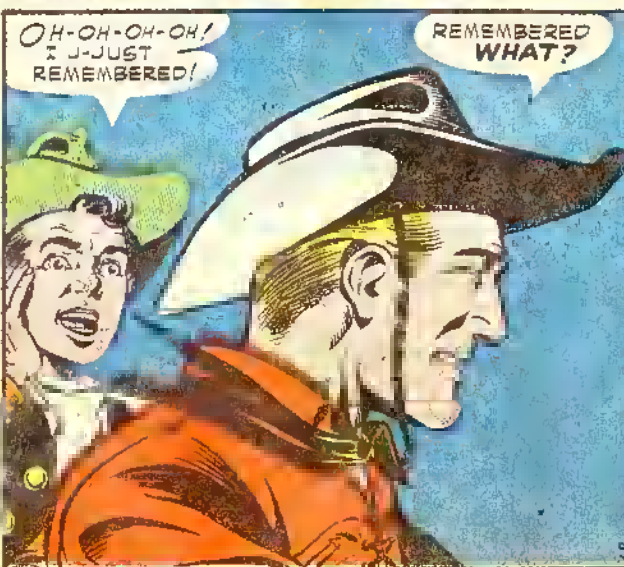
A SHORT TIME LATER, BACK IN ALAMEDA

I'M RIDING WITH YOU! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A GUN! THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE! GET IN AND HANG ON TIGHT!



I'LL FACE BAT HOGWYN AND HIS GUN-HAWKS, ARIZONA, BUT THIS VANISHING COACH HAS GOT ME S-SCARED!

THE COACH DIDN'T GO UP AND IT DIDN'T GO DOWN! THAT LEAVES ONE PLACE WHERE IT HAD TO GO, SPURS! BE READY FOR TROUBLE!



OH-OH-OH-OH! I JUST REMEMBERED!

REMEMBERED WHAT?



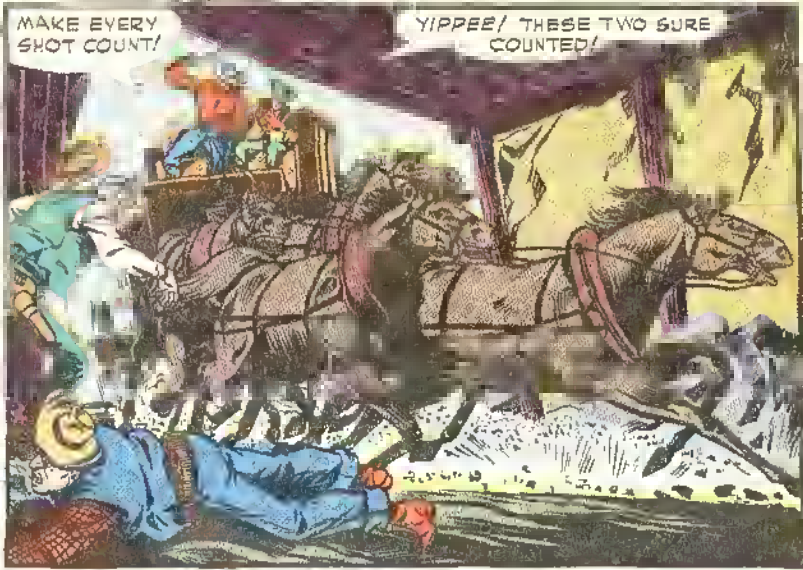
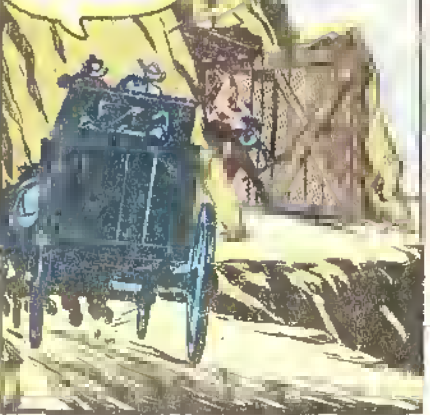
I REMEMBERED THAT WE FORGOT TO BUY SLUGS FOR OUR SIX-GUNS! WE HAVEN'T GOT SIX SHOTS LEFT BETWEEN US!

THEN WE'D BETTER NOT WASTE ANY LEAD WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS!

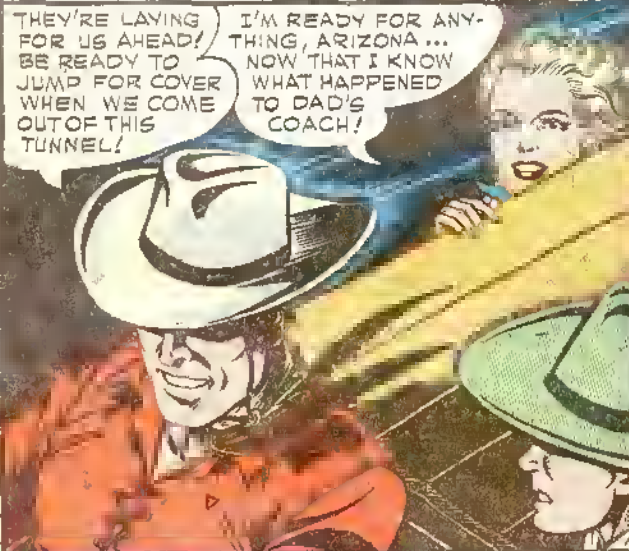


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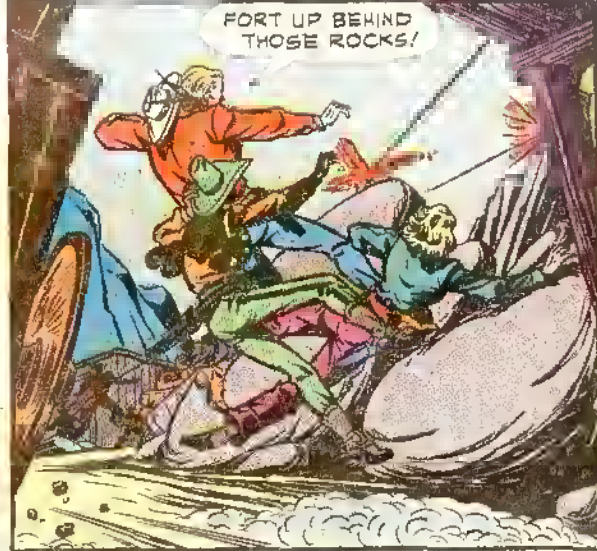
**SUDDENLY...**  
**ARIZONA... LOOK! A ROCK DOOR RIGHT INTO THE MOUNTAIN!**  
**THERE HAD TO BE ONE, SPURS! THERE WASN'T ANY OTHER WAY FOR THAT COACH TO DIS-APPEAR! HANG ON!**



**YIPPEE! THESE TWO SURE COUNTED!**



**THEY'RE LAYING FOR US AHEAD! BE READY TO JUMP FOR COVER WHEN WE COME OUT OF THIS TUNNEL!**  
**I'M READY FOR ANY-THING, ARIZONA... NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO DAD'S COACH!**



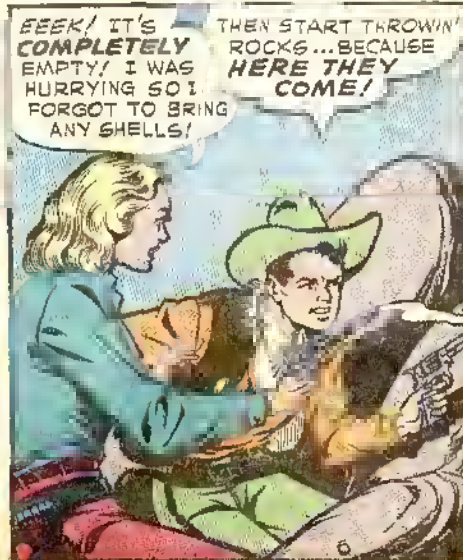
**FORT UP BEHIND THOSE ROCKS!**



**I REMEMBER NOW! THIS WAS PART OF AN OLD MINE THAT PETERED OUT! I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN FILLED UP WHEN THE TRAIL WAS CUT THROUGH!**  
**WE'LL BE PETERED OUT, TOO, IF WE DON'T GET SOME SHELLS!**



**YOU MEAN...**  
**I HAVE TWO SHOTS LEFT AND SPURS HAS THREE! YOUR GUN MUST BE AL-MOST EMPTY, TOO!**



**EEK! IT'S COMPLETELY EMPTY! I WAS HURRYING SO I FORGOT TO BRING ANY SHELLS!**  
**THEN START THROWIN' ROCKS...BECAUSE HERE THEY COME!**





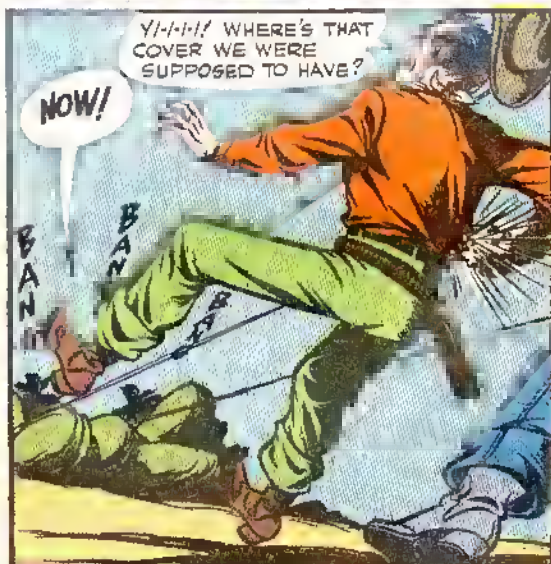
GET IN THERE AND GUN THEM OUT! WE'LL COVER YOU!

JUST LEMME AT THAT SMART RANNY! I OWE HIM A SLUG IN THE TEETH!



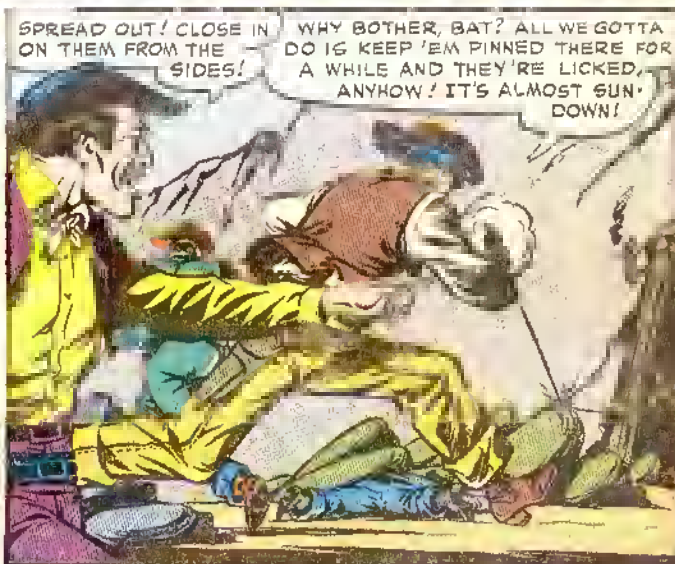
WHEN THE FIRING LETS UP, GIVE IT TO THEM THE BEST YOU CAN!

I WISH WE HAD MORE OF IT TO GIVE, ARIZONA!



Y-I-I-I! WHERE'S THAT COVER WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE?

NOW!



SPREAD OUT! CLOSE IN ON THEM FROM THE SIDES!

WHY BOTHER, BAT? ALL WE GOTTA DO IS KEEP 'EM PINNED THERE FOR A WHILE AND THEY'RE LICKED. ANYHOW! IT'S ALMOST SUN-DOWN!



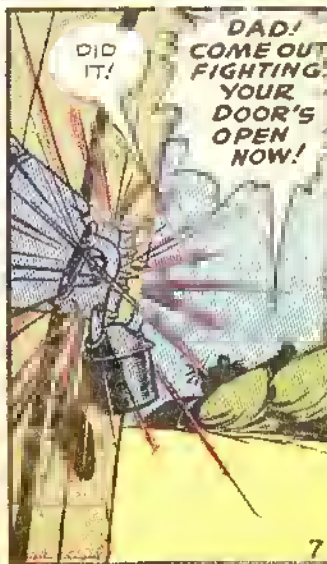
I USED MY LAST SHOT, ARIZONA! I FIGURE YOU'VE GOT ONE LEFT!

WE MAY AS WELL SURRENDER! I'LL NEVER GET A COACH THROUGH TO BOOT CITY BY SUNDOWN NOW!



WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! IF I CAN MAKE THIS LAST SHOT COUNT, WE MAY STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

ALL I ASK IS A CHANCE TO HANG ONE ON THAT POLECAT'S JAW BEFORE WE GO DOWN!

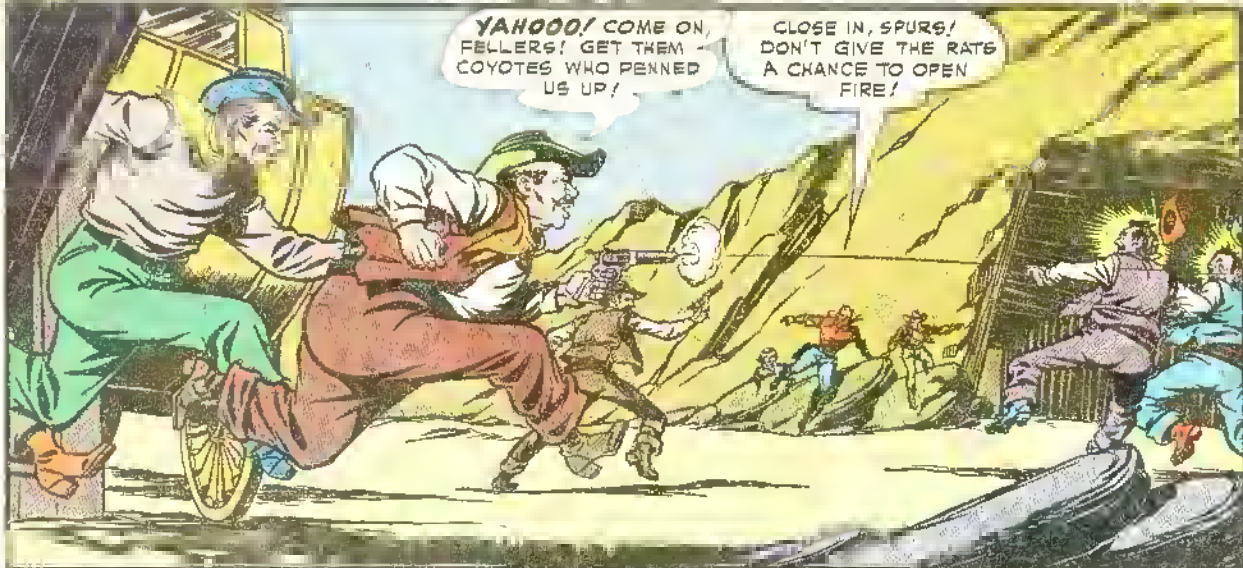


DID IT!

DAD! COME OUT FIGHTING YOUR DOOR'S OPEN NOW!



# CRACK WESTERN



YAHOOO! COME ON, FELLERS! GET THEM - COYOTES WHO PENNED US UP!

CLOSE IN, SPURS! DON'T GIVE THE RATS A CHANCE TO OPEN FIRE!



SORRY WE CAN'T SETTLE THIS WITH GUNS!



DAD BURN MAVERICKS! WE'LL TEACH YOU TO LOCK UP INNOCENT PASSENGERS!

EEEOW! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



WE'LL GET THEM OTHER BUZZARDS!



I'LL GET BAT! YOU MEN GET THAT STAGECOACH ROLLING! YOU CAN STILL MAKE BOOT CITY BY SUNDOWN!

COME ON! OUR TEAMS AIN'T EVEN UNHITCHED!



BLAST YOU! I'LL GET YOU YET!

NOT UNLESS YOU TURN AND RUN TOWARD ME, BAT!

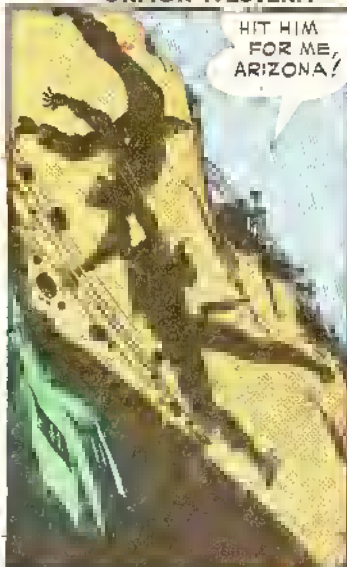


# CRACK WESTERN



I'VE GOT YOU!

EEEEEAH!

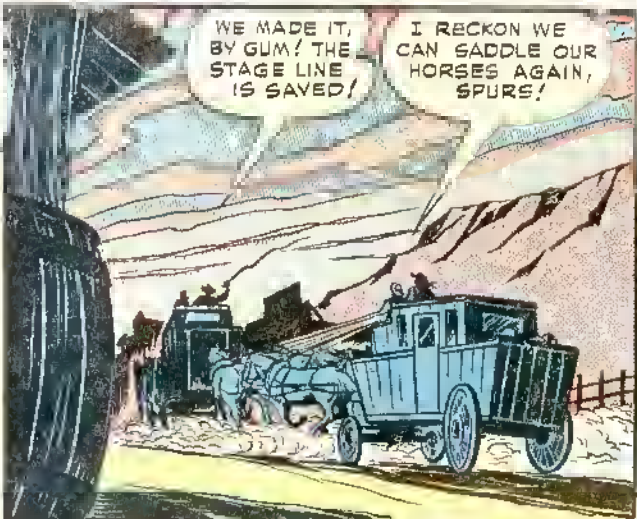


HIT HIM FOR ME, ARIZONA!



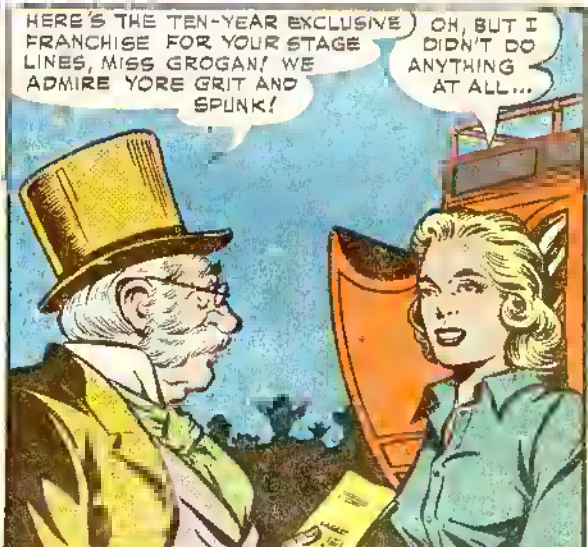
THIS IS FOR EVERYBODY!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE SUN SETS BEYOND BOOT CITY..



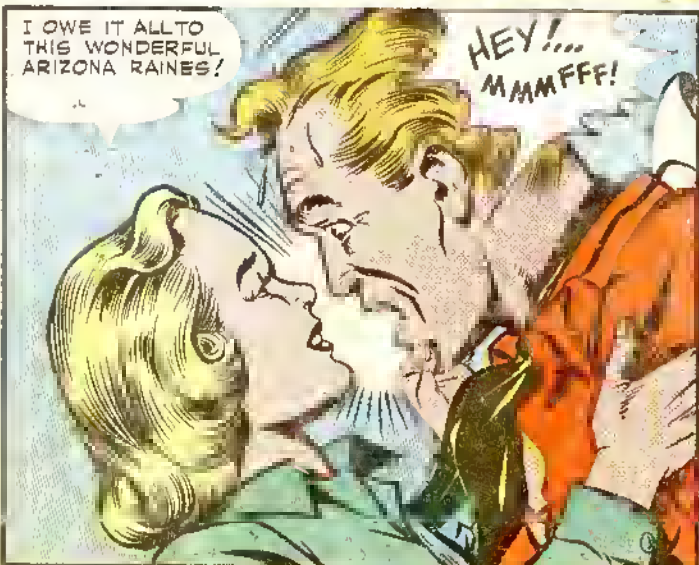
WE MADE IT, BY GUM! THE STAGE LINE IS SAVED!

I RECKON WE CAN SADDLE OUR HORSES AGAIN, SPURS!



HERE'S THE TEN-YEAR EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR YOUR STAGE LINES, MISS GROGAN! WE ADMIRE YORE GRIT AND SPUNK!

OH, BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING AT ALL...



I OWE IT ALL TO THIS WONDERFUL ARIZONA RAINES!

HEY!!!  
MMMFFF!



...RIGHT IN FRONT OF ALL OF THOSE PEOPLE!

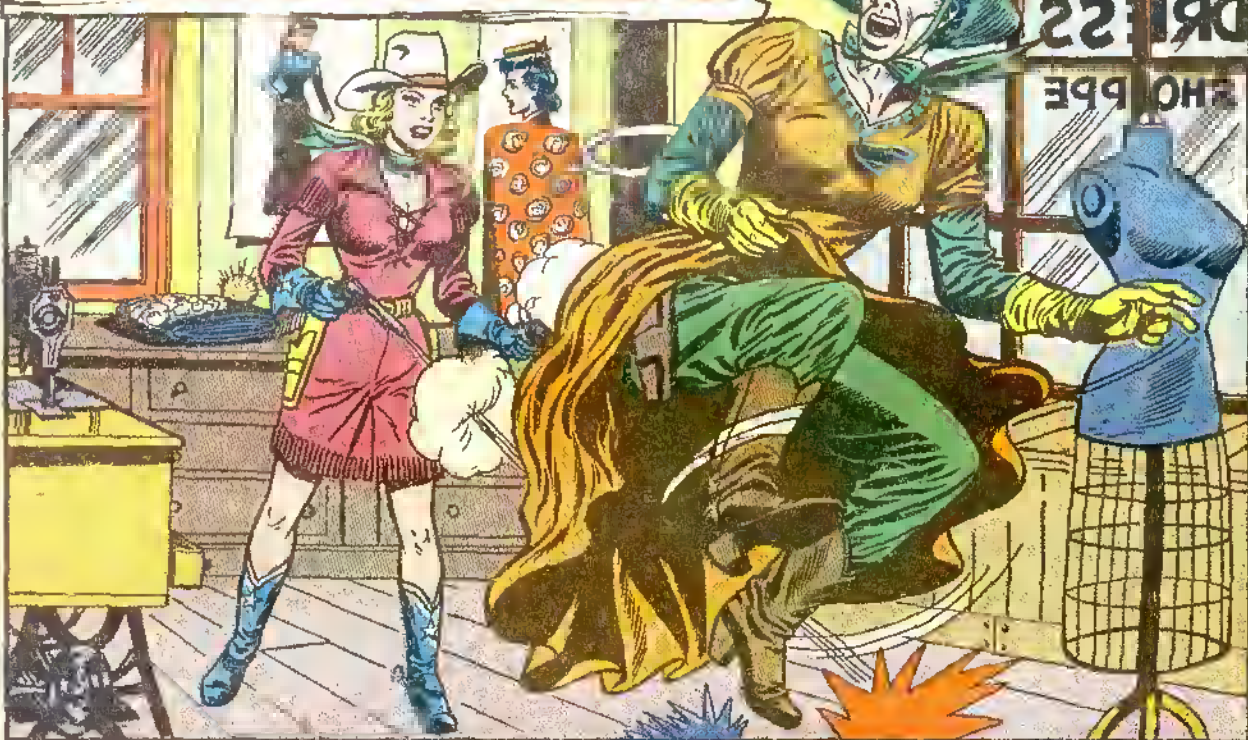
AW, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLIN', ARIZONA? IF YUH DIDN'T **LIKE** IT, WHY DID YUH HANG AROUND? YUH **KNOW** IT ALLUS HAPPENS AFTER YUH SAVE SOME FEMALE'S NECK!



# TWO-GUN Lil

BLACK BARNEY BOASTED THAT HE AND HIS CUTTHROAT GANG HAD STOLEN HALF A MILLION DOLLARS FROM STAGECOACH ROBBERIES! NOBODY COULD CATCH THE OUTLAW... UNTIL HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF RILING TWO-GUN LIL PETERS! IN NO TIME AT ALL HE CAME TO...

## The END OF THE OWLHOOT TRAIL!



TWO-GUN LIL HAS PUT AWAY HER ARTILLERY FOR A PEACEFUL VISIT TO HANGTOWN!

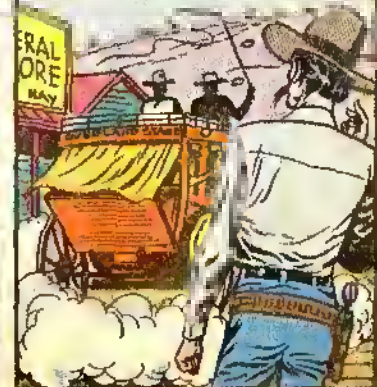
DAWGONIT, LIL, YOU OUGHTN'T TO RISK A STAGE TRIP NOW, WITH THAT BLACK BARNEY ROBBING AND KILLING EVERY DAY!

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO WORRY ABOUT ME, SHERIFF AMES, BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

BESIDES, IF MY SWEET FEMININE WAYS DON'T PROTECT ME... I'VE GOT MY SIX GUNS RIGHT HANDY!

ALL RIGHT! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU WAS A STUBBORN FEMALE! BUT BE KEERFUL! ANYHOW!

GOOD OLD SHERIFF AMES... HE'S A DEAR... EVEN IF HE DOES THINK ALL GIRLS ARE HELPLESS FEMALES!

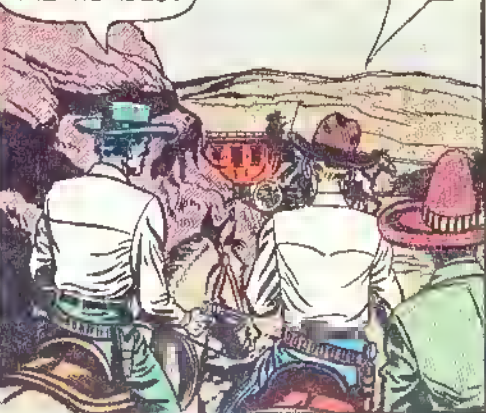




TWO HOURS LATER...

THERE IT GOES! PEDRO, YOU TAKE THE DRIVER! TEX, YOU HANDLE THE GUARD! I'LL STOP THE HORSES!

SI, BLACK BARNEY!



CRACK WESTERN

WITHOUT WARNING!

WHOA!

TUMBLE OUT, YOU SUCKERS! DON'T NOBODY REACH FOR A GUN!

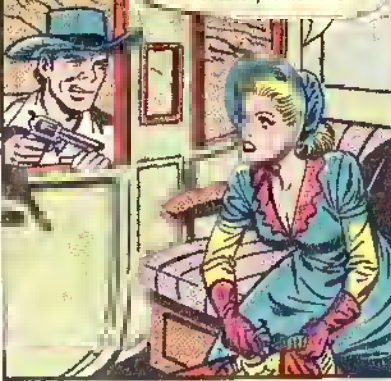


BLACK BARNEY! IF I CAN JUST GET AT MY GUNS...



UH-UH! ONE SO LOVELY SHOULD NOT STRAIN HER TINY HANDS ON BIG GUNS, MY DEAR!

ULP! I... I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO SH-SHOOT THEM, ANYHOW!



THEY WERE GIVEN TO ME AS SOUVENIRS BY A... A FRIEND!

AND THAT'S NO LIE! THEY WERE MY DAD'S GUNS, AND HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND!



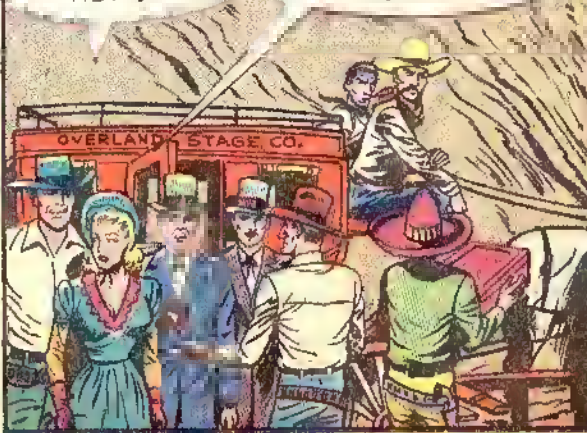
PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY GUNS! THEY'RE KEEP-SAKES!

AH, IT IS SAD TO SEE ONE SO BEAUTIFUL IN DISTRESS! I WILL MERELY BORROW THEM, MY DEAR!



TELL ME WHERE TO FIND YOU, MY PET, AND I'LL RETURN THEM AND MAKE YOU A SOCIAL VISIT!

I...ER...I'M ON MY WAY TO HANGTOWN TO...TO OPEN A LADY'S DRESS SHOP! THAT'S IT! A DRESS SHOP!





YOU WILL NOT BETRAY ME IF I COME CALLING?

OH, YOU'RE SO BOLD AND HANDSOME! I PROMISE I WON'T TELL A SOUL!

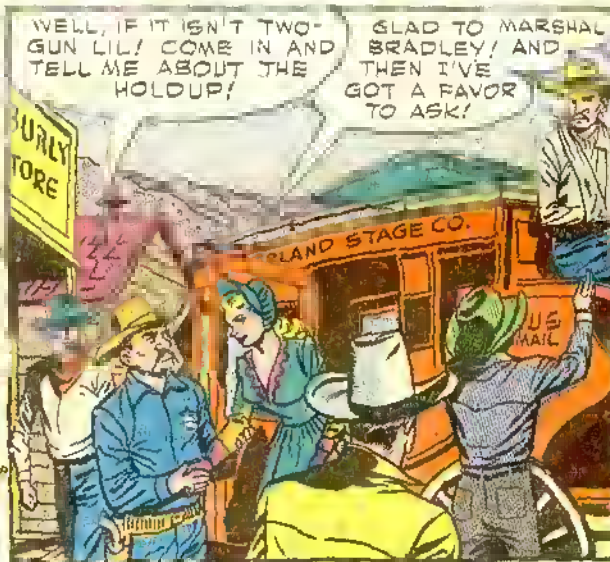
AND THAT'S A PROMISE I'LL KEEP, YOU SMART BUZZARD! I WANT TO TRAP YOU ALL BY MYSELF!



WITH THE WOUNDED GUARD AND DRIVER PATCHED UP, THE TRIP IS COMPLETED WITHOUT INCIDENT!

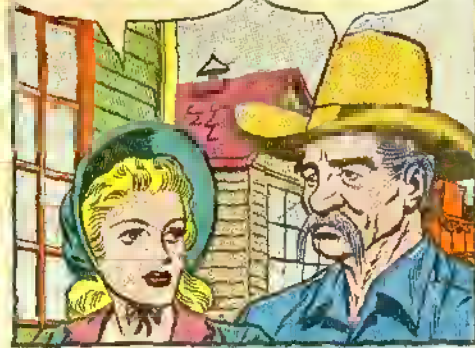
WELL, IF IT ISN'T TWO-GUN LIL! COME IN AND TELL ME ABOUT THE HOLOUP!

GLAD TO MARSHAL BRADLEY! AND THEN I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK!



IF YOUR SISTER STILL RUNS THAT DRESS SHOP, I'D LIKE TO TAKE IT OVER FOR A WEEK OR SO! DON'T ASK WHY, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT!

THAT'S PLUMB EASY, MISS LIL! SIS IS SICK WITH A COLD RIGHT NOW! SHE'D BE TICKLED TO HAVE YOU RUN THE SHOP FOR HER!



THIS SEEMS AUGHTY GUBER, LIL! YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?

ALL IN GOOD TIME, MARSHAL! BUT FOR NOW, JUST STAY AWAY AND DON'T WORRY! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

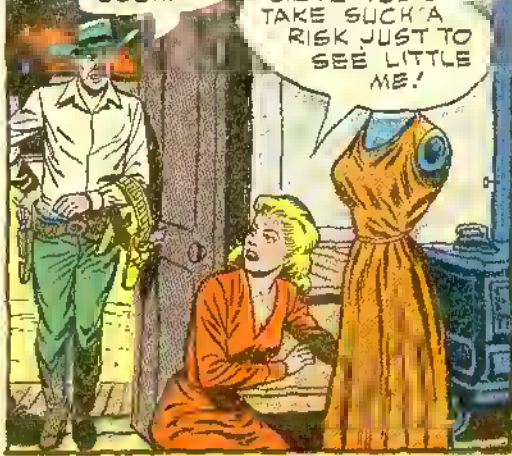


I WANT MY GUNS BACK, AND THEN I WANT THE PRIVILEGE OF NAILING THAT SCOTCH! I'M SURE HE'LL SHOW UP SOONER OR LATER!



GOOD EVENING, MY DEAR! I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME SO SOON!

ULP!...I...I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D COME AT ALL! I COULDN'T BELIEVE YOU'D TAKE SUCH A RISK JUST TO SEE LITTLE ME!

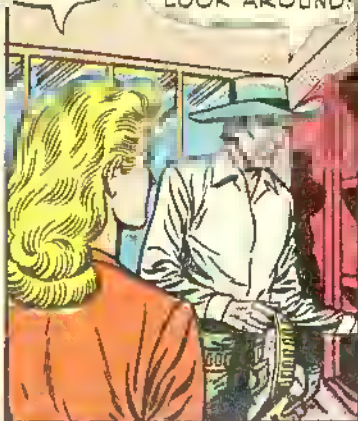




# CRACK WESTERN

YOU DID BRING MY GUNS! LET ME PUT THEM AWAY!

LET'S BE SURE THIS ISN'T A TRAP FIRST, MY DEAR! I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND!



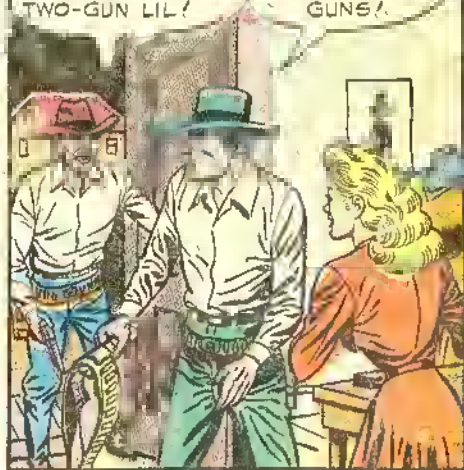
I GUESS YOU REALLY ARE A DRESSMAKER! HERE ARE YOUR GUNS!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH!



WAIT, BARNEY! YOU BEEN SUCKERED! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT THIS IS TWO-GUN LIL!

YIPE! AND I ALMOST HANDED HER BACK HER GUNS!



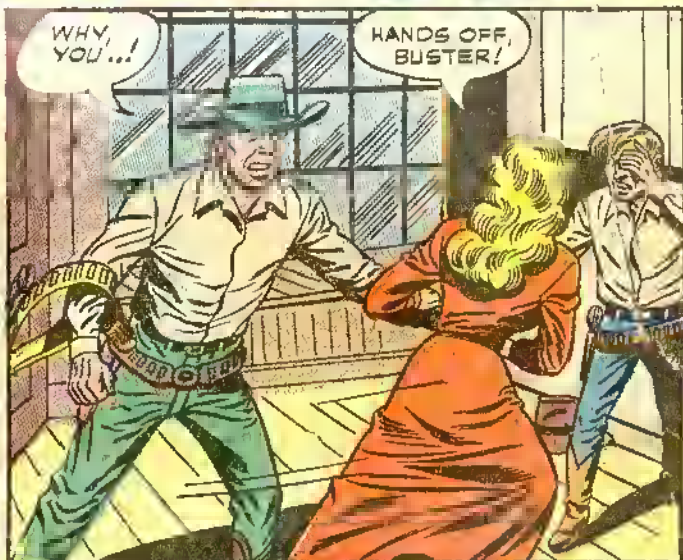
HERE, BLABBER-MOUTH, BUTTON YOUR LIP!

EEEEOWW!



WHY, YOU...!

HANDS OFF, BUSTER!



I LIKE TO KEEP THE BOYS ON PINS AND NEEDLES

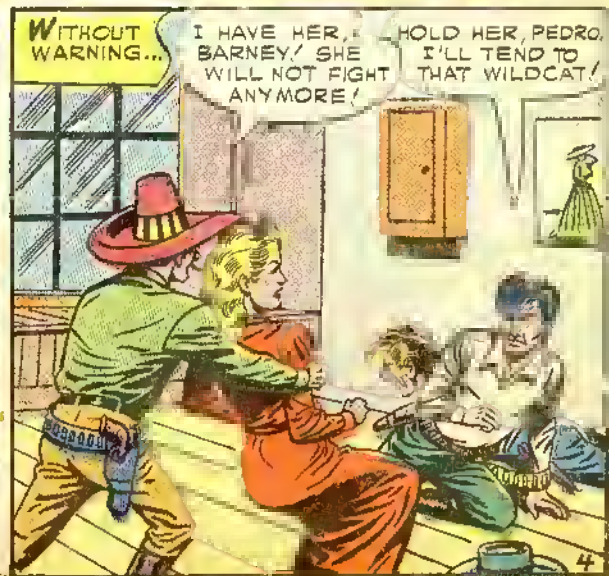
YIPE! EEEEEOWW!



WITHOUT WARNING...

I HAVE HER, BARNEY! SHE WILL NOT FIGHT ANYMORE!

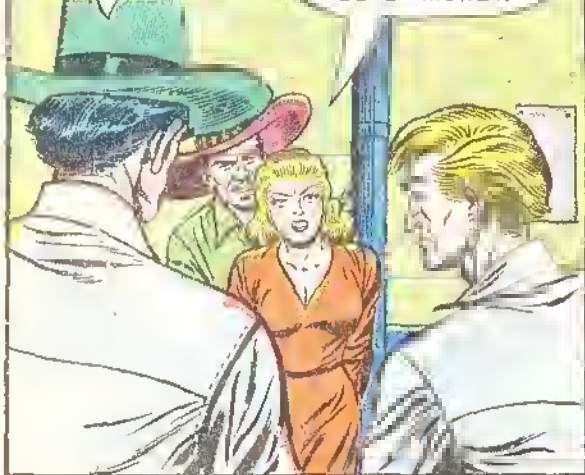
HOLD HER, PEDRO. I'LL TEND TO THAT WILDCAT!





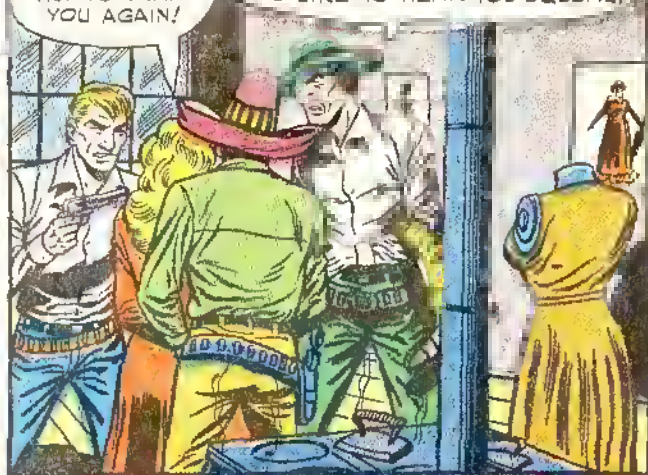
I DON'T LIKE SMART  
GIRLS WHO TRY TO  
TRAP ME!

AND I DON'T LIKE  
CROOKED BUZZARDS  
WHO STEAL OTHER  
FOLKS' MONEY!



OH, PLEASE  
DON'T HURT  
ME! I WON'T  
TRY TO TRAP  
YOU AGAIN!

I KNOW YOU WON'T, LIL...BECAUSE  
YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO TRAP  
ANYBODY! GO AHEAD AND BEG!  
I LIKE TO HEAR YOU SQUEAL!



NOW LET'S HEAR  
ONE OF YOU  
SQUEAL!



I AM ON  
FIRE! MADRE  
MIA...!

I'LL COOL YOU  
OFF, BUD!



YOU LIKE FANCY  
CLOTHES, BARNEY!  
TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

HEY...  
MMMFFF.  
BFFF!



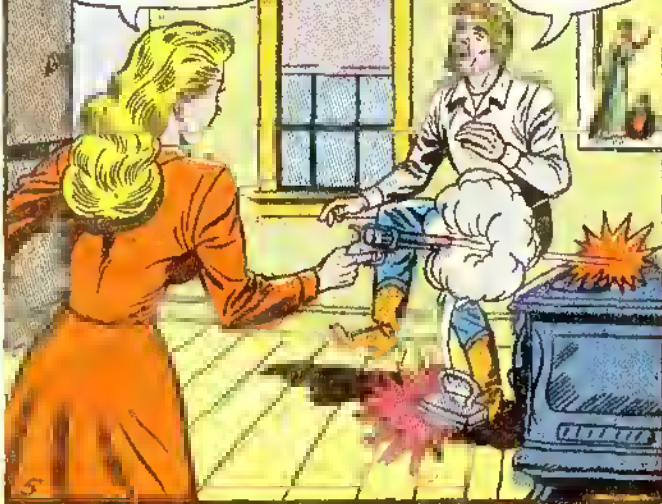
BLAST YOU, I'LL...  
OWOOO!

BLAST YOU INSTEAD  
SAP!

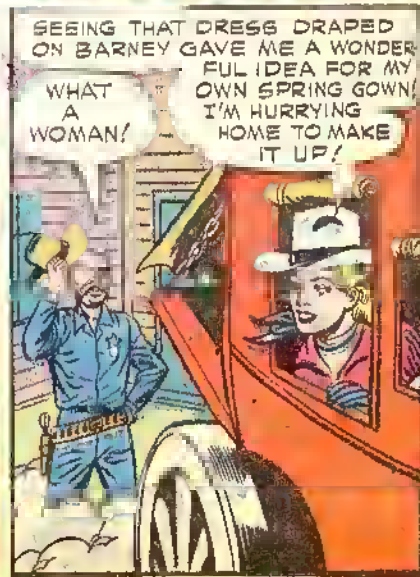
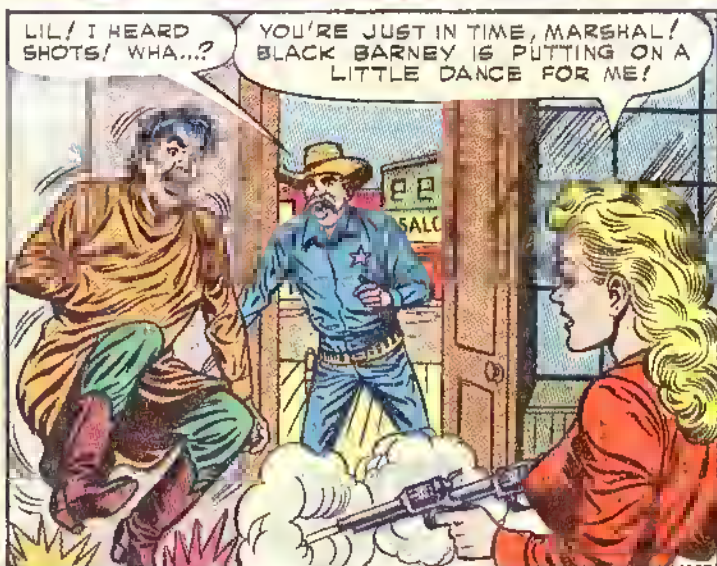
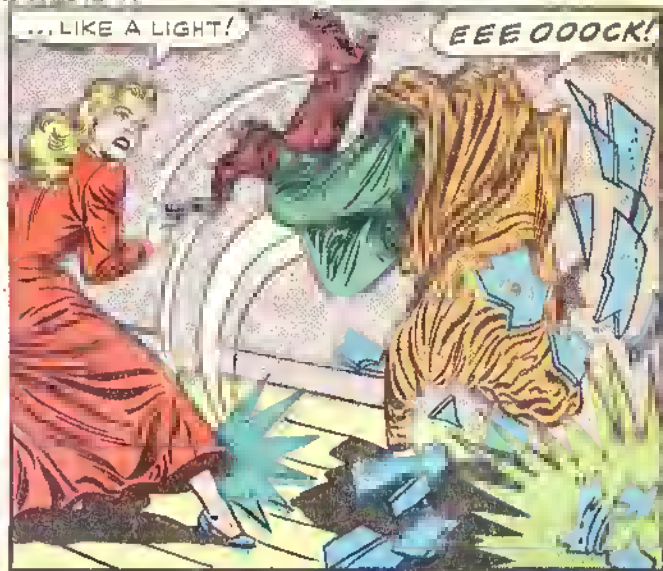


THIS'LL IRON OUT YOUR  
PROBLEMS!

AGHHH!







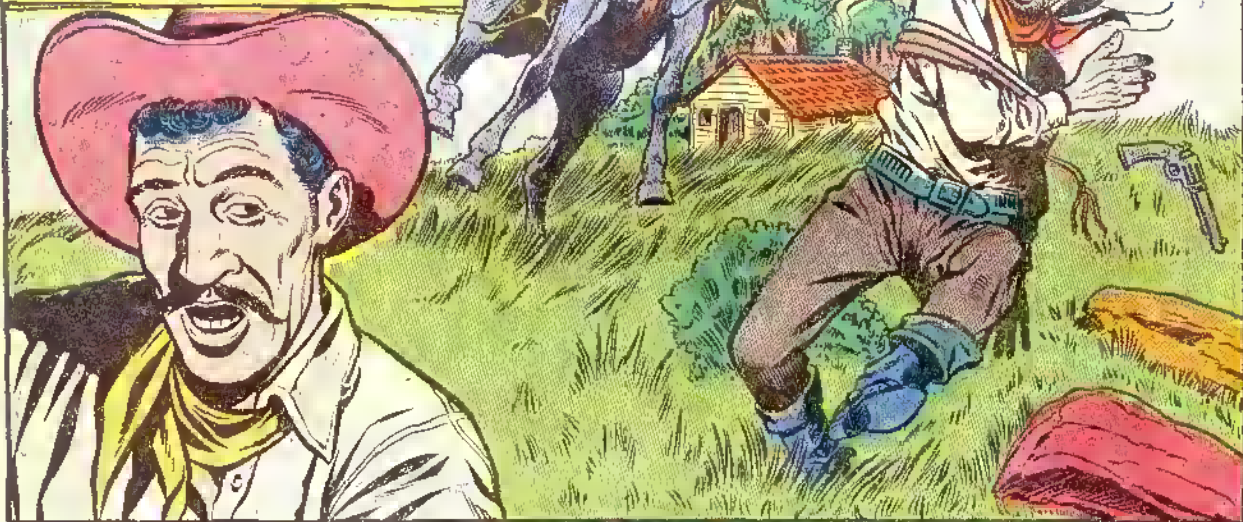


# The WHIP

**WAR!** WAR ON NESTER VALLEY! WAR ON THE SETTLERS WHOSE ONLY CRIME IS TO FLOW AN ACRE OF LAND AND PLANT THEIR CROPS! CAN EVEN THE DEADLY WHISTLING LASH OF THE WHIP

HELP A HANDFUL OF PEACEFUL FARMERS STAND AGAINST AN ARMY OF MURDEROUS THUGS WHO ARE...

**DO PAID TO KILL?**



FOR SIX MONTHS A HANDFUL OF FARMERS HAVE CLUNG STUBBORNLY TO THEIR HOME-STEAD CLAIMS AT THE MOUTH OF NESTER VALLEY!

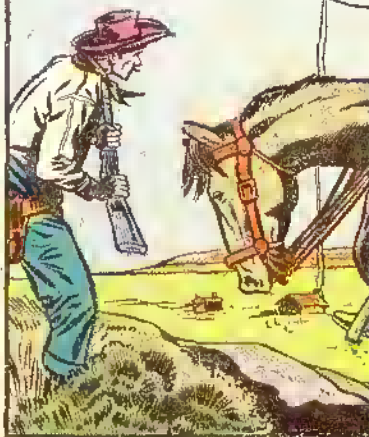
LOOK AT THEM DIRTY-NESTERS, WE'RE THROUGH WARNING THEM CURLY! WE GIVE 'EM PLENTY OF WARNING, BUT THEY'RE STILL THERE!

NOW, PETE!

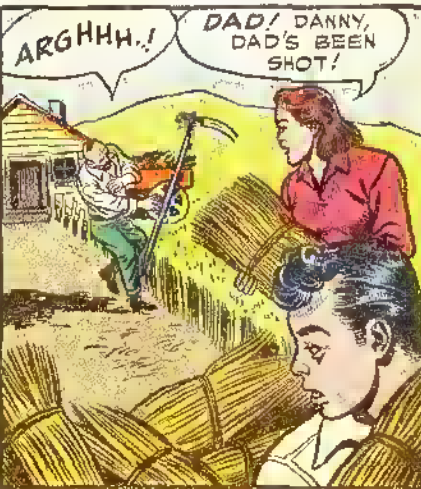


HOLD MY HORSE, OKAY, AND BE READY TO RIDE!

SURE, BOSS! GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD!



FOR SIX MONTHS OLD DAN HAWKE, WITH YOUNG DANNY AND LITA, HAVE WATCHED THEIR GRAIN RIPEN FOR THE HARVEST! SUDDENLY...





# CRACK WESTERN

DIRTY...  
BUSK-  
WACKING...  
COWBOYS!

DAD'S STILL BREATH-  
ING, DANNY! HELP  
ME GET HIM TO  
THE CABIN! THEN  
RIDE FOR A  
DOCTOR!



LITA, WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
WE HEARD  
A SHOT!



SOMEBODY SHOT  
DAD FROM THAT  
RIDGE! I TH-THINK  
IT'S THAT CURLY  
BROCK'S CREW,  
WHO THREATENED  
US!

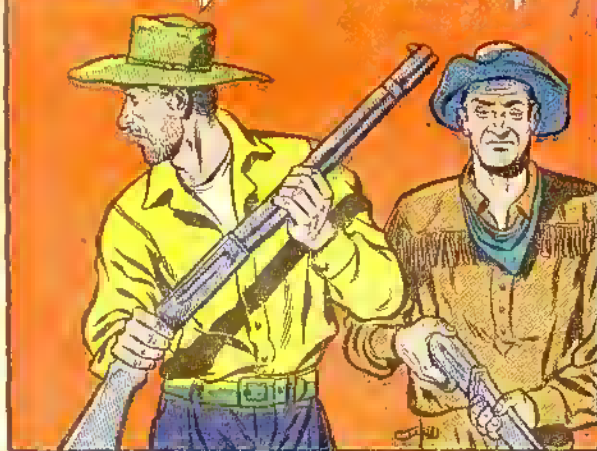
COME ON! THIS  
TIME WE'LL  
SHOW 'EM  
WE'RE NOT  
FOOLING!

LEMME SHOOT  
MYSELF A DIRTY  
NESTER, CURLY! I  
WANNA MAKE A  
RUG OUTTA HIS  
WHISKERS!  
HAW-HAW!



GET HIM TO THE CABIN!  
I'LL TRY TO SLOW THESE  
POLECATS UP!

THEY WANT TO  
FIGHT, BOYS! LET  
'EM HAVE IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, JOHNNY LASH, WANDERING RIDER,  
STUMBLES UPON THE SCENE...



WHA...? THREE COWHANDS  
ATTACKING THOSE NESTERS! I  
THOUGHT THE DAY OF CATTLEMAN-  
NESTER WARS WAS OVER!

READY, DIABLO! THIS  
IS A JOB FOR THE  
WHIP!

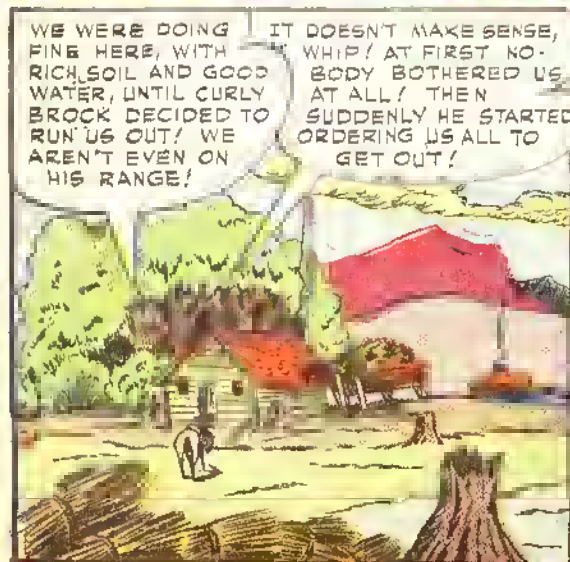
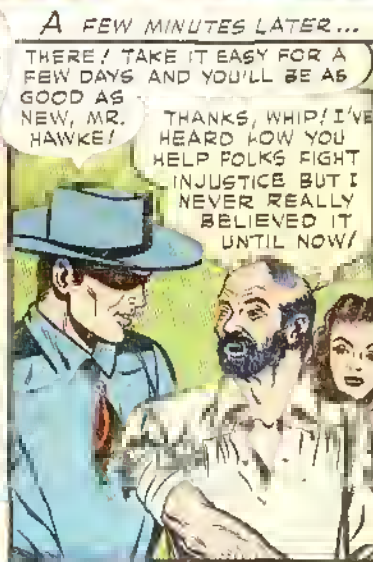
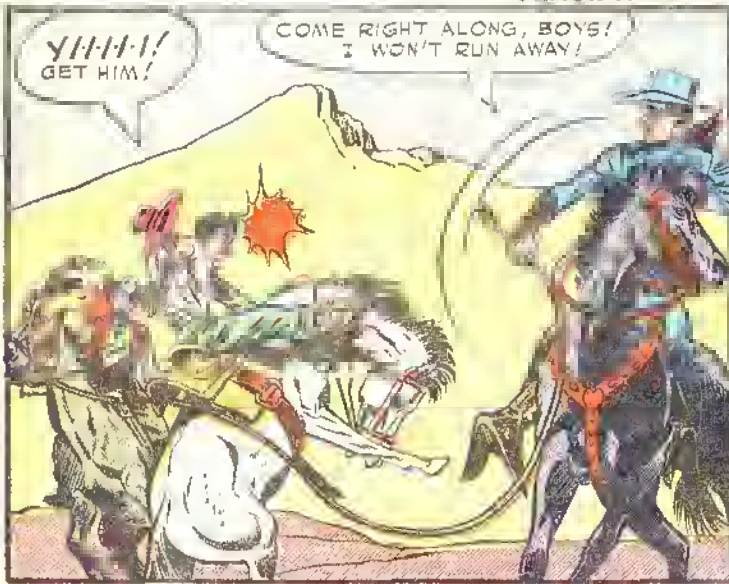


BOSS! IT'S  
THE WHIP!

LET HIM HAVE IT! GUN  
HIM OUT!









MAKE THAT FIVE ABLE-BODIED MEN! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THIS, TOO! WHERE'S THE BEST SPOT TO FORT UP WHEN THEY ATTACK?

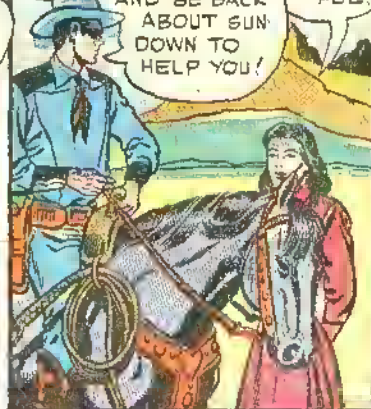
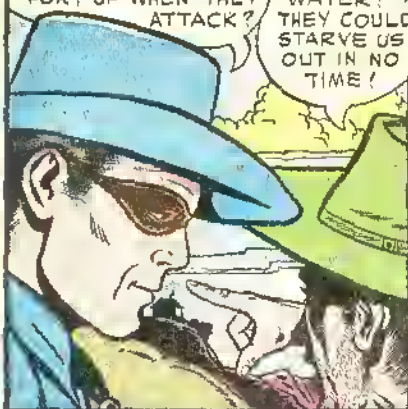
BACK THERE AT THE STOREHOUSE, WHIP! BUT WE'RE LOW ON FOOD AND WATER! THEY COULD STARVE US OUT IN NO TIME!

COLLECT YOUR FOLKS AND YOUR WEAPONS UP THERE, ANYHOW! I'LL DO SOME SCOUTING AROUND AND BE BACK ABOUT SUN DOWN TO HELP YOU!

WE'LL PUT OUR TRUST IN YOU, WHIP! PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

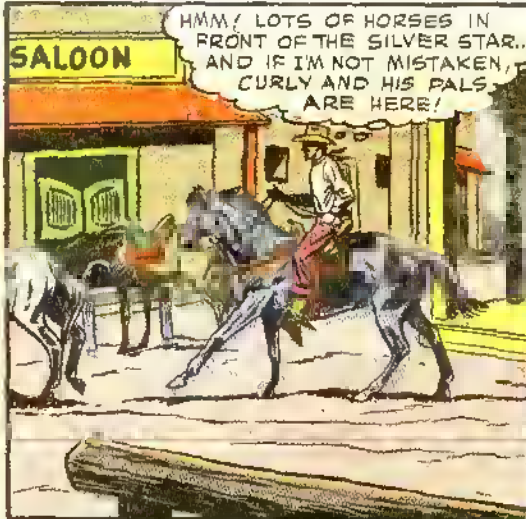
A MILE AWAY, IN A CONCEALING THICKET...

THEY'RE RIGHT NICE FOLKS... TOO NICE TO BE SHOVED OFF THEIR LAND BY SKUNKS OF CURLY BROCK'S BREED! THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT FOR THEM!



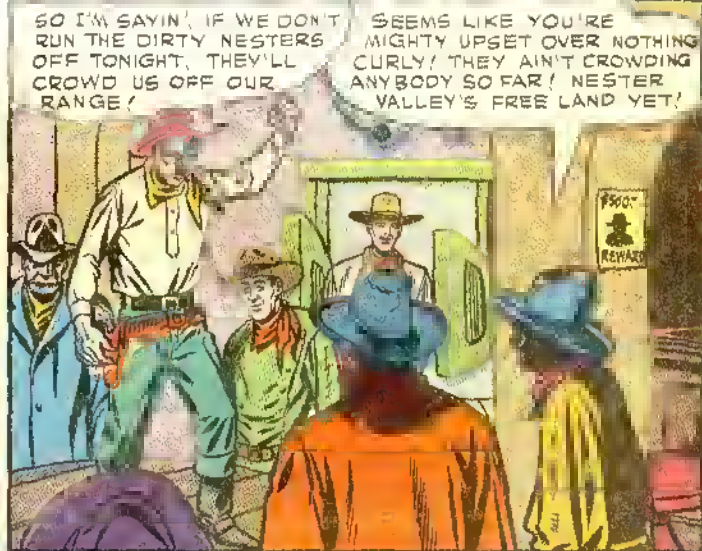
A SHORT TIME LATER...

HMM! LOTS OF HORSES IN FRONT OF THE SILVER STAR.. AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, CURLY AND HIS PALS ARE HERE!



SO I'M SAYIN', IF WE DON'T RUN THE DIRTY NESTERS OFF TONIGHT, THEY'LL CROWD US OFF OUR RANGE!

SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE MIGHTY UPSET OVER NOTHING CURLY! THEY AIN'T CROWDING ANYBODY SO FAR! NESTER VALLEY'S FREE LAND YET!

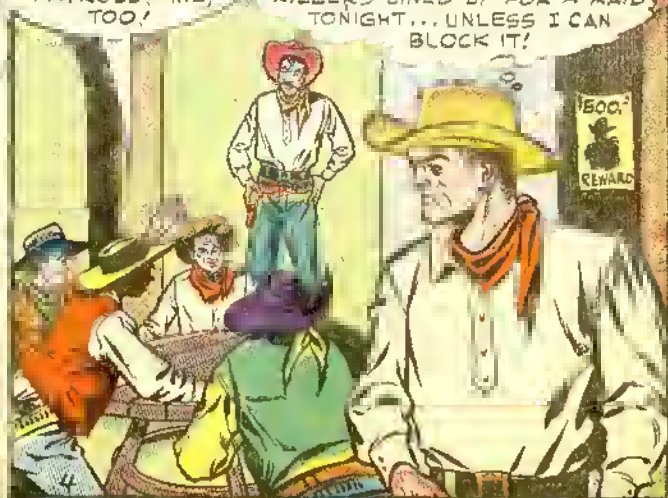


SAM'S RIGHT! WE WANT NO PART OF ANY NESTER WAR!

THEN WE'LL SETTLE IT OURSELVES, IF YOU'RE TOO YELLOW! I'M HIRING GUN-HANDS FOR A RAID TONIGHT! TOP PAY AND A BONUS FOR NESTER SCALPS!

WE'RE IN, CURLY! PUT ME ON THE PAYROLL! ME, TOO!

THIS IS BAD! AT THIS RATE, HE'LL HAVE TWENTY OR THIRTY KILLERS LINED UP FOR A RAID TONIGHT... UNLESS I CAN BLOCK IT!





HOW ABOUT YOU, DRIFTER? A GOOD GUN-JOB WITH TOP PAY?

NOT ME, AMIGO! I HEAR **THE WHIP** IS SIDING WITH THE NESTERS AND I'M NOT TANGLING WITH **THAT** HOMRE FOR **ANY** MONEY!

\$500.  
REWARD

THE WHIP? ULP! COUNT ME OUT, CURLY!

YUH BLABBER-MOUTHED TRAMP! WHERE'D YUH GET A WILD YARN LIKE THAT? TALK UP!

ME, TOO!

SURE FRIEND! I HAPPENED TO BE RIDING BY AND SAW WHAT HE DID TO YOU AND YOUR PALS OUT THERE TODAY! TELL THE BOYS ABOUT **THAT**!

WHY, YOU NOSEY...

I'LL SHUT YORE BIG MOUTH...OOOHHH!

OWOOO! YUH DUMB APE!

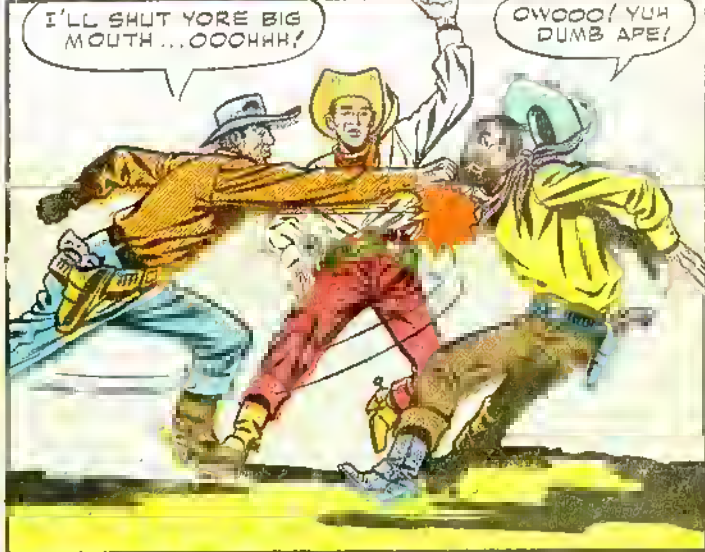
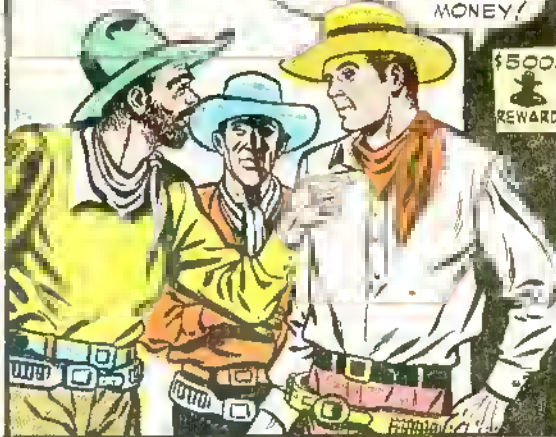
CUT IT OUT, YUH DUMB RANNIES! STOP THAT!

I'M CLEARING OUT! I AIN'T BUCKIN' THE WHIP FOR ANY MONEY!

ME, TOO!

I'VE SPIKED PART OF HIS PLAN, BUT HE'S STILL GOT A TOUGH CREW! I'D BETTER GET BACK AND HELP THE NESTERS PREPARE FOR A RAID!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING AND DO IT FAST, DIABLO! A DOZEN PAID KILLERS COULD CRASH THAT CANYON IN A CHARGE! AND FARMERS AREN'T FIGHTERS!





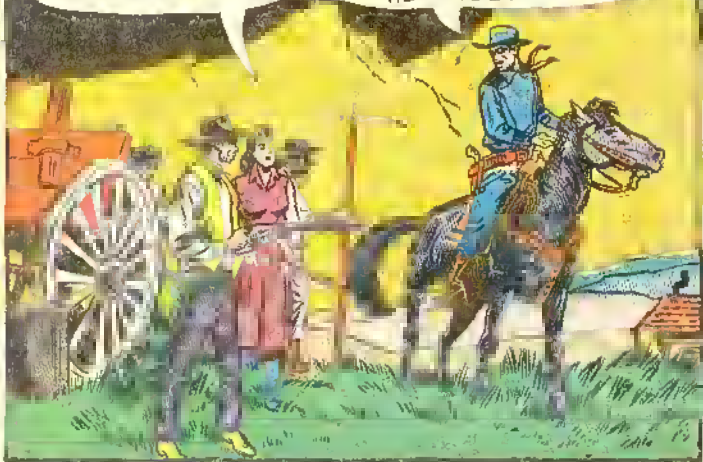
A SHORT TIME LATER...

WHIP, WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT? ARE THEY COMING AFTER US?

TONIGHT, MISS LITA, WITH AT LEAST A DOZEN GUN-TOUGHS! IF YOU'RE STILL DETERMINED TO FIGHT, I'LL STAY AND HELP YOU!

MISTER, WE DIDN'T FIGHT OUR WAY ACROSS MOUNTAINS AND DESERT TO LET SOME COYOTE RUN US OFF OUR LAND! WE'LL FIGHT!

WHIP, MEET GEORGE AND LEN AND BURT! YOU ALREADY KNOW DAVE! AND DANNY AND I CAN SHOOT, TOO!



TAKE THE WHEELS OFF THAT WAGON AND FASTEN THEM TO THE ENDS OF THAT BIGGEST LOG BOYS!

IF YOU SAY SO, WHIP... BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

AT SUNDOWN...

OF COURSE! I SEE YOUR PLAN, WHIP! WHEN THEY CHARGE US, YOU'LL SEND THAT LOG ROLLING DOWN ON THEM!

RIGHT, LITA! THEN I'LL STEP IN WITH MY WHIP!

I'VE SEEN MEN KEEP ON FIGHTING WITH HALF A DOZEN BULLETS IN THEM! BUT NOBODY KEEPS FIGHTING WHEN MY WHIP STARTS LASHING AROUND THEM!

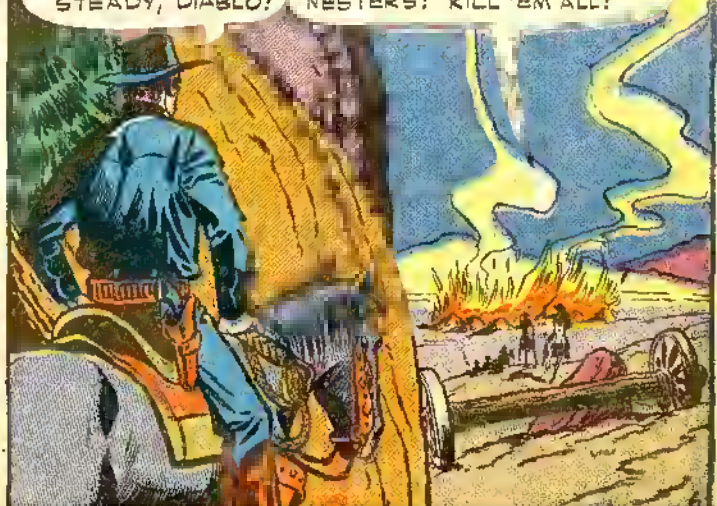


THE ATTACK COMES AT MIDNIGHT...

BURN THEIR GRAIN, BOYS! IT'LL DISCOURAGE THE NESTERS AND GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT TO SHOOT THEM BY!

HERE THEY COME! STEADY, DIABLO!

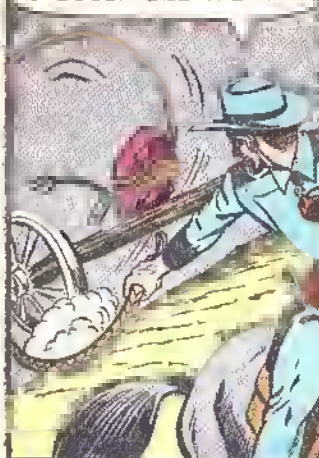
SEEEOWIE! GET THE DIRTY NESTERS! KILL 'EM ALL!





AT THE LAST MOMENT...

IT WAS NICE OF CURLY TO GIVE ME A LIGHT SO I COULD SEE THE ROCK!



EEEAAAAH! WHAT'S THAT THING? LOOK OUT!



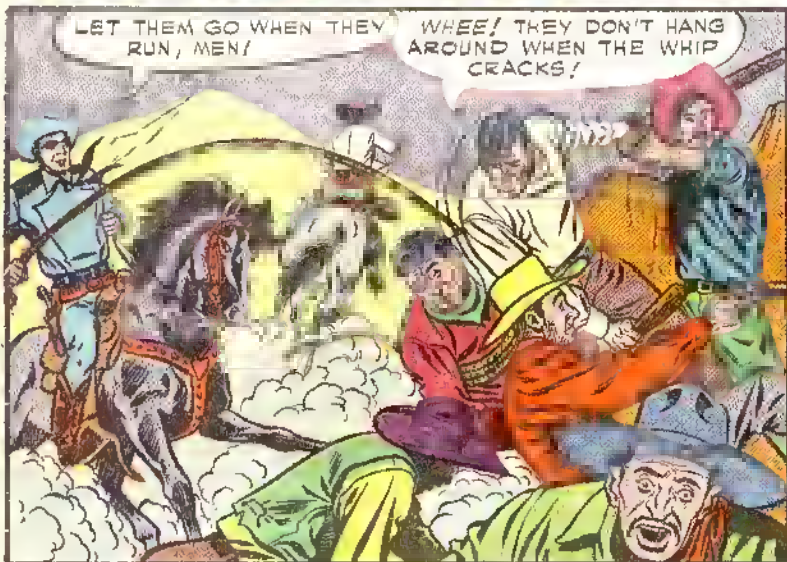
NESTERS OUT! CHARGE THEM!

EEOW! OWOOO! HALP!



LET THEM GO WHEN THEY RUN, MEN!

WHEE! THEY DON'T HANG AROUND WHEN THE WHIP CRACKS!



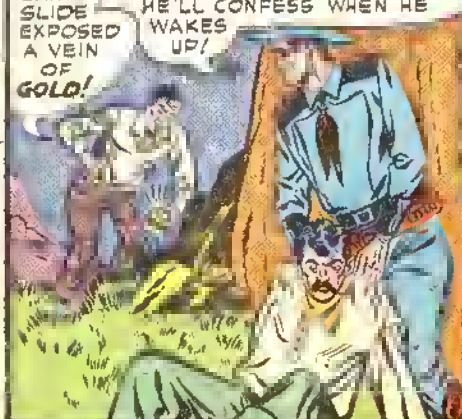
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY, YOU RAT! THIS WAS YOUR PARTY!



IN A FEW WILD MOMENTS THE ATTACK HAS BROKEN INTO FLIGHT!

WOW! LOOK! THAT LAND-SLIDE EXPOSED A VEIN OF GOLD!

THAT'S PROBABLY WHY CURLY WAS SUDDENLY SO DESPERATE TO GET THE VALLEY! I THINK HE'LL CONFESS WHEN HE WAKES UP!

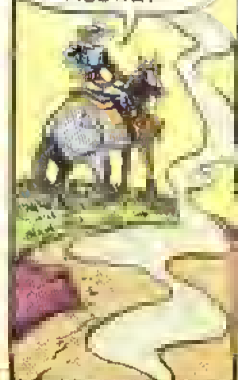


THEN WE WON'T STARVE, EVEN WITH OUR FIRST YEAR'S CROP BURNED!

WHOOPEE! WE'LL BE RICH! AND WE OWE IT ALL TO THE WHIP! WHERE IS HE?



LET'S GO, DIABLO! THE WHIP HAS DONE HIS JOB! MAYBE IN A WEEK OR SO JOHNNY LASH'LL DRIFT OUT TO SEE HOW THEY'RE GETTING ALONG!



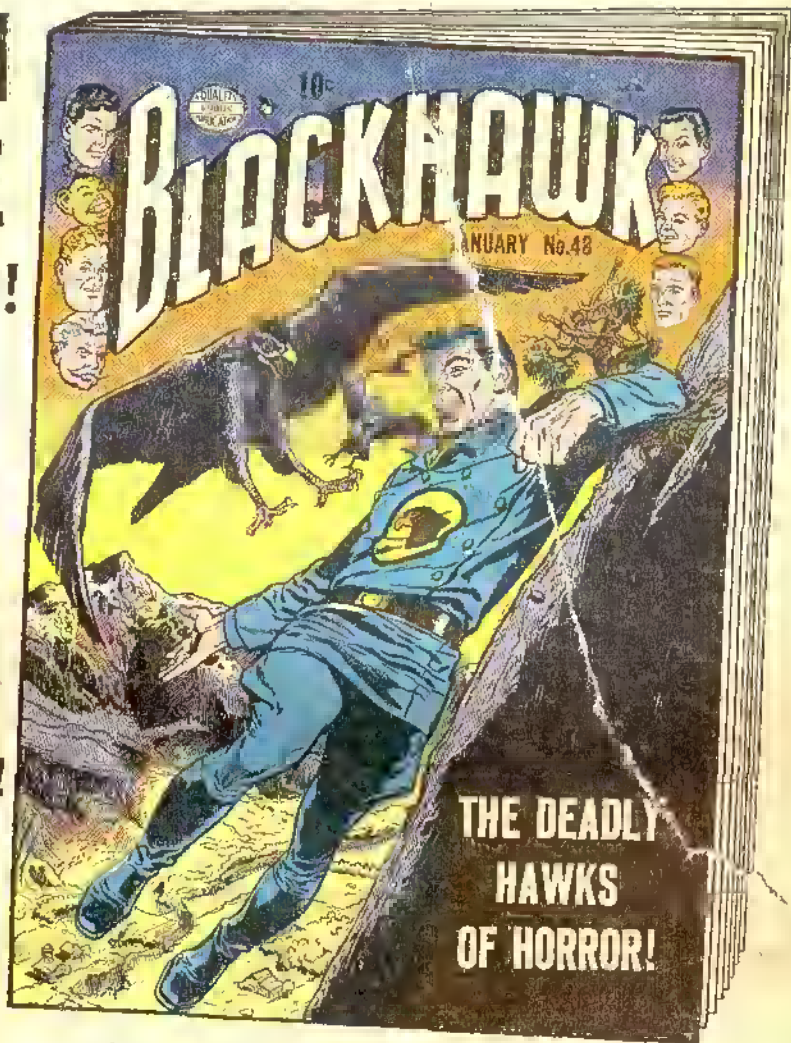


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**THE MIGHTIEST ADVENTURES  
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*The*  
**BLACKHAWKS**



# BLACK FURY

**B**LACK FURY was a wild stallion and Rusty McDowell was a line riding cow puncher. It was purely by accident that they stood facing each other. Rusty had gone down into the canyon to look for a stray calf and, coming round a curve of the mountain, had run into Black Fury and his drove of wild horses! He had heard of this magnificent animal before for the wild stallion was the talk of every hunk house in that part of the country. There wasn't a cowpoke in the territory that wouldn't give a year's pay to own him! Now Black Fury stood facing him!

"Well," thought Rusty, "everything they say about him is true only they haven't said enough! The finest horse I ever saw!"

This was no quarter horse, good for a fast sprint! This was the kind that could work all day and then beat anything on four feet in a burst of speed! Plenty of stamina to start out fast and keep going! Rusty smiled as he saw the shining black beast rear on his hind legs and give out with a lusty signal for the rest of the drove to get away from danger! Plenty of spunk and spirit! No wonder they called him Black Fury!

"The king of the herd," said Rusty to himself! "I'm going to have him!"

He watched as Black Fury majestically followed the other horses into a narrow opening at the end of the canyon! It led, he knew, to a deep circular pit from which there was only one exit! A hint-away for the band but a tip-off to him on how he might capture this wonderful creature! Once having tamed him, Rusty would have the respect of every wrangler and buster in the West! And Marian, too! She would marvel at his skill!

Marian Barton was the foreman's daughter and as beautiful a specimen of young womanhood as Black Fury was of horseflesh, Rusty thought. He'd had his eye on her for a long time and she seemed to like him, too! Maybe, if he caught and broke the stallion and brought him to her—

But that night, as Rusty and Marian stood by the corral, he couldn't resist telling her of his plan!

"Rusty, do you really think you can round up Black Fury?" she asked eagerly.

"I think so," he assured her, "except I'll need help!"

"Let me! I'll do whatever you say! It'll be a big feather in your cap to bring him in and I'd like you to be the one to do it!"

Marian rode with Rusty the next day as they made plans to trick and trap the great horse! He planted dynamite beside the rocks at the entrance to the cut-off in the canyon! A detonator was plant-

ed at a distance! Marian was to handle that and set off the dynamite when the time was right! There was nothing to do then but come back each day and wait, until they saw the horses there and could frighten them into their hiding place!

Rusty didn't mind having to hide the time because Marian rode with him each afternoon into the canyon! Then, one day, they saw them! As before, Black Fury stood guard while the others made their getaway! But then, as he galloped through the rocky gate and into the mountain enclosure, Rusty rode after him! Marian used the detonator to explode the dynamite and the cliffs closed in, trapping them all inside!

Marian knew what she was to do then! Another load of dynamite to form a clearance! Then a long wait to give Rusty enough time to rope and subdue the stallion! Her nerves were taut as she watched the minute hand of her watch creep slowly and the hours seem like days! Then it was time for action! Another blast and the broken rocks were blown skyward and the passage was clear again! Not many minutes later, Rusty came riding out with a rope in his hand and lassoed and following was Black Fury! The horse reared and rebelled but, finally, after a few hours, he gave up and followed along like a doomed man might decide to accept his fate!

Rusty made sure that the rope was securely tied before he sank down by Marian's side! He was exhausted! It had been a bitter battle!

"Rusty, you did it," she said with excitement. "Everyone has tried but you're the first person to accomplish it! You've conquered Black Fury!"

"Yes," he said grimly, "and I'm sorry! I made a big mistake!"

Marian looked at Rusty in bewilderment. But he was watching the black horse! The head was held high! Though his eyes gleamed with hatred, there was pride and dignity in his bearing! Black Fury stood in the attitude of an aristocrat!

"What do you mean?" asked Marian, still puzzled!

"I'm turning him loose," was all that Rusty said! Then he pulled a knife from his pocket and cut the rope. He turned to Marian! "How would you like to have your head in a noose?" he commented smiling.

There was a long pause before Rusty explained! "I guess great horses are like great men," he ventured at last! "What would life be without freedom?"

Marian's arms went around Rusty's neck! "Now I know why I love you," she said!

"That's all that matters to me," grinned Rusty as he watched Black Fury disappear in the distance!

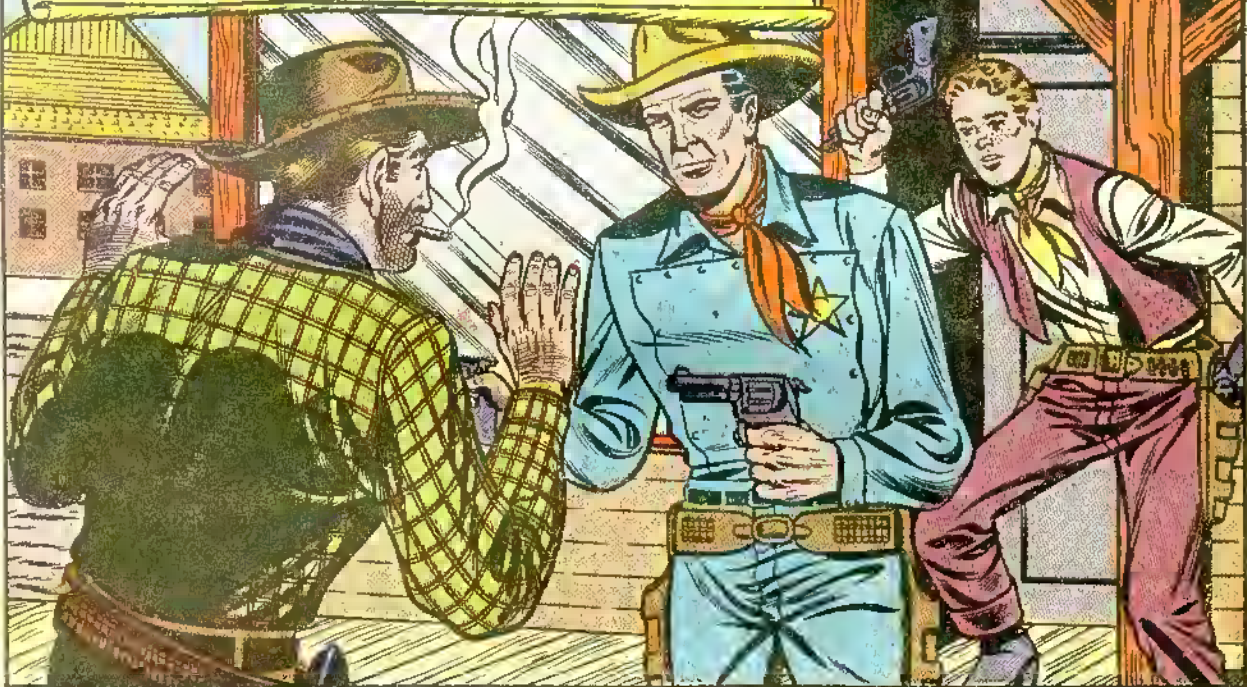


# Bob Allen

## FRONTIER MARSHAL

DAY AND NIGHT, MARSHAL BOB ALLEN WALKS THE STREETS AND ALLEYS, LOOKING FOR SIGNS OF FESTEERING EVIL! MOST OF IT HE CAN CURE WITH THE WEIGHT OF HIS AUTHORITY, OR THE THUNDER OF HIS DEADLY SIX-GUNS! BUT WHAT CAN HE DO AGAINST THE MULE-HEADED DETERMINATION OF A KID WHOSE TWISTED LOYALTIES ARE HEADING HIM STRAIGHT TOWARD A ...

**"GUN CLAIM ON BOOT HILL?"**



SINCE THE DEATH OF THEIR FATHER, BETTY HALE HAS TRIED BRAVELY TO KEEP HER YOUNG BROTHER, BUD, OUT OF TROUBLE!

PLEASE, BUD, IT'S TIME TO DRIVE BACK TO THE RANCH!

NOBODY'S STOPPING YOU! BUT I AIN'T GOING! I'M STAYING IN WITH PONY ROAN TONIGHT!

OH NO, BUD! YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE, WEARING DAD'S GUNS AND ACTING TOUGH! YOU'RE JUST A BOY!

I'M OLD ENOUGH TO RUN MY OWN LIFE, AND I'M SICK OF BEING A DUMB COW NURSE! NOW

LET ME ALONE.

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO LISTEN TO YOUR SISTER, BUD! A KID COULD BUY HIMSELF A LOT OF GRIEF WITH THOSE GUNS AND THAT COM-

WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, MARSHAL? I'LL PICK MY OWN FRIENDS AND HANDLE MY OWN LIFE!



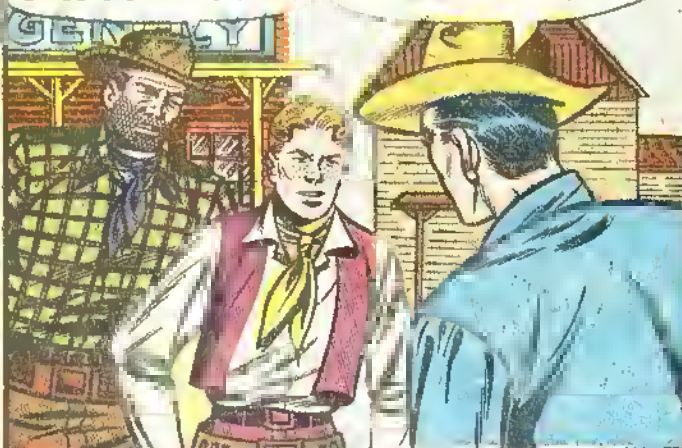


YEAH, MARSHAL... WHY **DON'T** YUH MIND YORE OWN BUSINESS? YOU BEEN CROWDIN' ME EVER SINCE I CAME TO TOWN!

I AIM TO **KEEP** CROWDING YOU, PONY, UNTIL YOU **LEAVE** TOWN... ONE WAY OR THE OTHER! YOU'RE WHAT I CALL UNDESIRABLE COMPANY!

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A SHOWDOWN RIGHT HERE! I'M GET ANY TIME YOU ARE!

AND YOU CAN COUNT ME IN, TOO! PONY'S MY FRIEND AND I'M BACKIN' ANY PLAY HE MAKES!

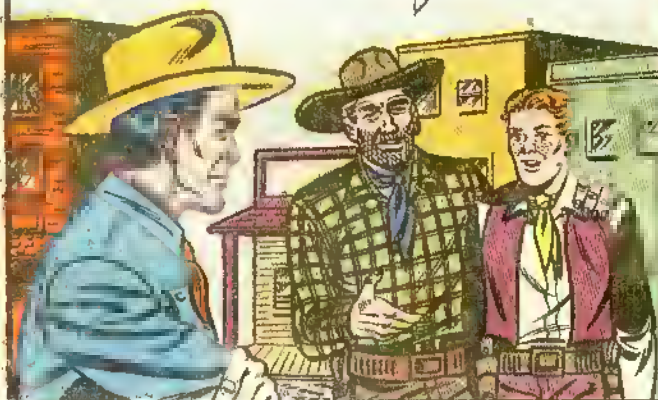


I'LL PICK THE TIME AND PLACE FOR A SHOWDOWN! GET ALONG OR I'LL RUN YOU IN FOR CREATING A DISTURBANCE!

YAAA! I FIGURED YOU WERE ALL HOT AIR! COME ALONG, KID! I'LL BUY YUH A SUPPER AT LOO FONG'S!

WHAT GOT INTO YOU MARSHAL? THERE WAS YOUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF PONY ROAN! HE'S NOTHING BUT A TROUBLE-MAKER!

PONY'S THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES, DAVE! I'VE GOT THE FOOL KID TO THINK ABOUT!



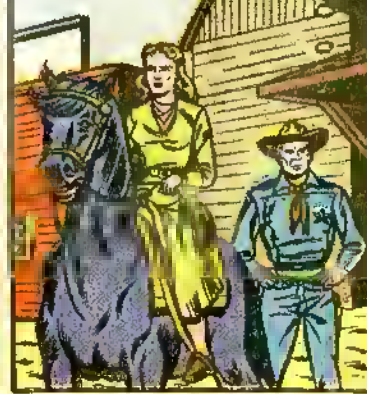
I'D HAVE HAD TO SHOOT HIM IF I'D DRAWN ON PONY! BUD'S GOT IT FIGURED THAT KILLING ME WOULD BE A SHORT-CUT TO FAME!

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, MARSHAL, BUT SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!

YOU RUN ALONG, BETTY! I'LL FIGURE SOME WAY TO STRAIGHTEN THAT PUP OUT BEFORE HE GETS INTO BAD TROUBLE!

T-THANK YOU, MARSHAL BOB! I KN-KNOW YOU'LL HANDLE IT!

I WISH I COULD BE AS SURE AS SHE IS! WHEN A PUNK GETS GUN-FEVER, IT'S PRETTY HARD TO CURE WITH ANYTHING BUT A **LEAD PILL!**





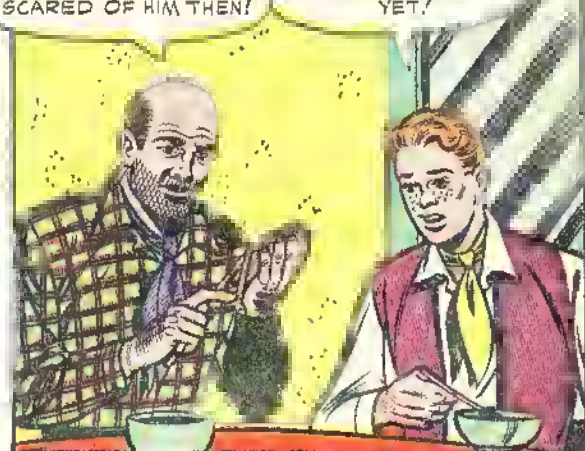
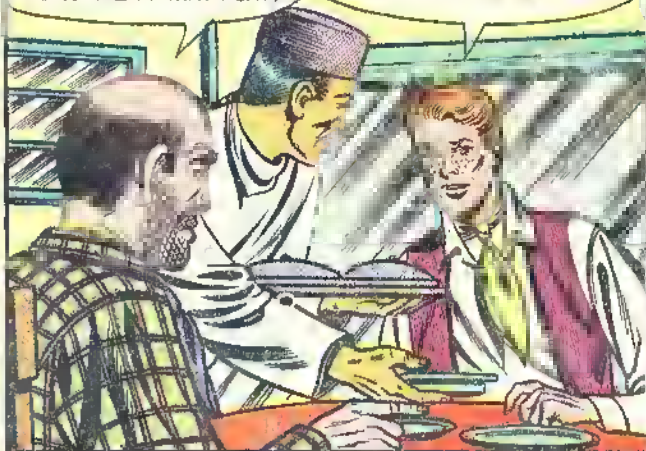
MEANWHILE...

YUH DONE ALL RIGHT KID!  
THAT NOSY MARSHAL SHORE  
BACKED DOWN WHEN YOU  
SIDED ME IN THAT PLAY!

THAT WINDBAG! HE'S GOT  
A BIG REPUTATION, BUT I'LL  
BET HE AIN'T SO HOT! I'VE  
BEEN PRACTISING WITH  
THESE GUNS EVERY DAY!

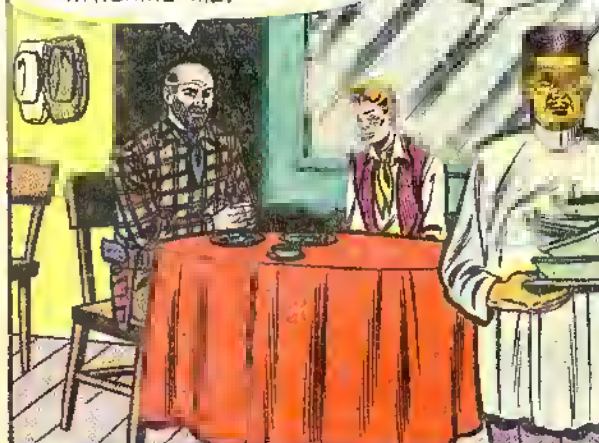
YUH KNOW, KID, GUNNING  
OUT THAT MARSHAL  
WOULD SET A FELLER  
UP AS A REAL MAN!  
EVER'BODY'D BE  
SCARED OF HIM THEN!

BOY, THAT WOULD BE  
SOMETHING! BUT I  
COULDN'T OUTDRAW  
HIM, FACE TO FACE! I  
AIN'T **THAT** GOOD  
YET!



WHO SAID YUH HAD TO? YOU BACKED  
ME... NOW I'LL BACK YOU! WE'LL  
PULL HIM INTO A FRACAS AND YOU  
DO THE SHOOTING WHILE HE'S  
WATCHING ME!

BUT HOW?  
HE WOULDN'T  
DRAW OUT  
THERE!



I'LL SHOW YUH HOW! GET SET TO BE A MAN!  
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRYIN' TO FEED US  
SWILL THAT AIN'T FIT FER HOGGS?



AIIEEE! HELP!  
MARSHAL BOB,  
THEY LECKING  
MY  
LESTAUTANT!

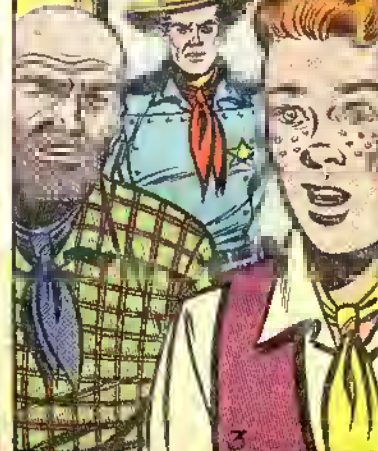
READY, KID! WHEN  
THE MARSHAL  
COMES IN THAT DOOR,  
LET HIM HAVE IT!  
I'LL REACH FIRST  
SO HE'LL BE WATCHING  
ME, NOT YOU!

COME ON, MARSHAL!  
LET'S SEE  
YUH SHOW  
YORE UGLY  
FACE!

Y-YEAH,  
M-MARSHAL!  
C-COME ON!  
WH-WHERE ARE  
YUH?

RIGHT BEHIND  
YOU, BUD!

YIIIIKE!





# CRACK WESTERN

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GUNMAN, BUD, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO WATCH **ALL** THE DOORS!

AGHHH!

THIS MAY NOT SETTLE ANYTHING BUT IT'S PLUMB ENJOYABLE, PONY!

CRACK!

DAGGONIT, BOB, YUH HAD YORE CHANCE TO PLUG THAT TROUBLE-MAKER FOR GOOD THIS TIME! WHAT'S GOT INTO YUH?

AN IDEA, TOM...

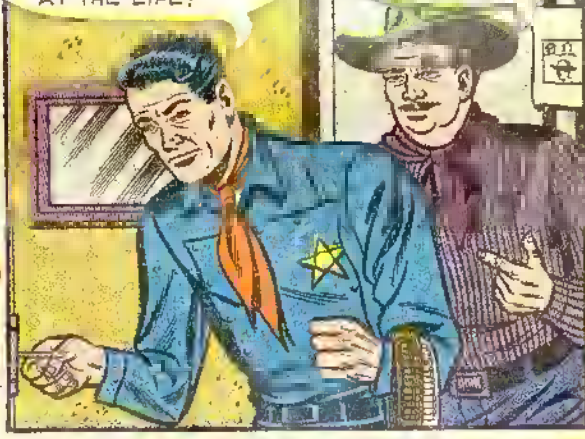


DANG PUP NEEDS KILLING! A YOUNG SIDWINDER'S JEST AS DEADLY AS AN OLD ONE!

KILLING PONY NOW WOULD MAKE HIM A MARTYR TO BUD HALE! SOONER OR LATER I'D HAVE TO KILL BUD OR EAT LEAD!

I KNOW, TOM! BUT I'VE GOT A SNEAKING HUNCH MAYBE BUD'LL DECIDE NOT TO BE A SIDWINDER, ONCE HE GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THE LIFE!

JEST DON'T FORGET AND TURN YORE BACK ON HIM WHILE HE'S LOOKING!

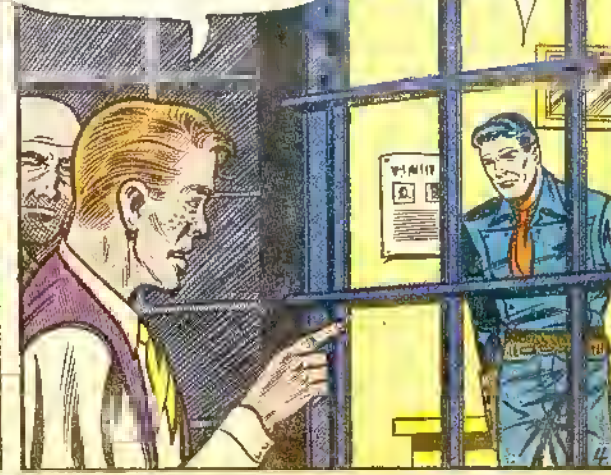
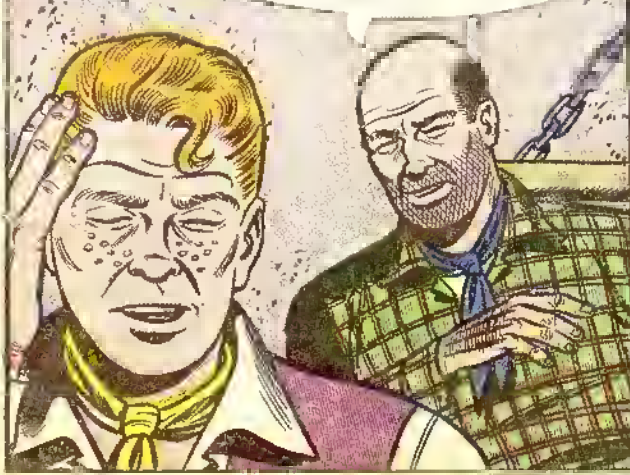


OOOO! WHAT HAPPENED?

YELLOW-BELLIED MARSHAL SNUCK IN THE KITCHEN DOOR AND CLOBERBERD US FROM BEHIND!

THAT PROVES WHAT I SAID! HE HASN'T GOT THE GUTS TO FACE US WITH THOSE GUNS HE BRAGS ABOUT!

YOU'RE DEAD-SET ON A SHOOTING, AREN'T YUH, BUD?



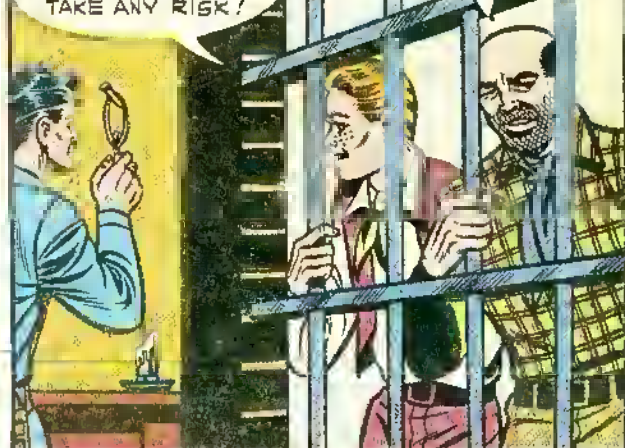
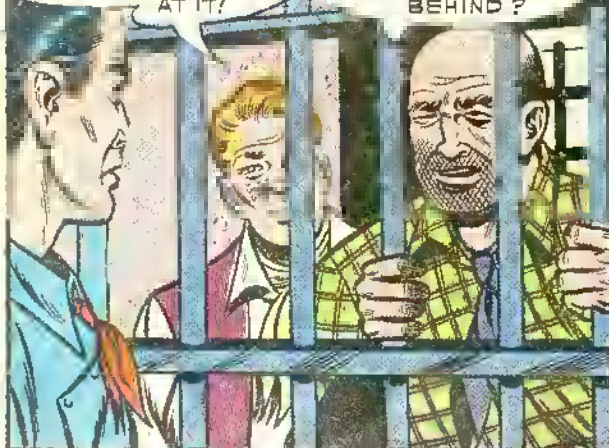


I NOTICE **YOU** AIN'T/  
YOU'RE RIGHT GOOD  
AT DUCKING SHOWDOWNS!  
YUH ACT LIKE YUH HAD  
PLENTY OF PRACTISE  
AT IT!

BE REASONABLE, KID!  
WHY SHOULD THE MARSHAL  
RISK HIS PRECIOUS  
NECK WHEN HE'S GOT  
A BADGE TO HIDE  
BEHIND?

SURE! HE GUNS OUT  
THE SLOW ONES BUT  
THE FAST ONES HE  
SHOVES IN JAIL SO  
HE DON'T HAVE TO  
TAKE ANY RISK!

THAT'S A COMPLIMENT TO  
YOU, KID! HE LOCKED  
YOU AND ME UP IN-  
STEAD OF FACING US!



COME ON OUT!  
NOT YOU, BUD!  
JUST PONY!  
YOU'LL GET  
**YOUR** TURN  
NEXT!

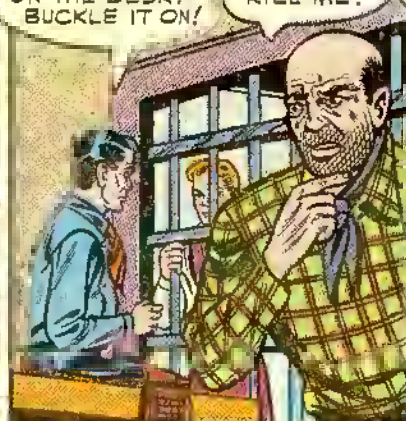
WHA-WHAT'S  
THE BIG  
IDEA?  
TURN FOR  
**WHAT?**

WHY, FOR THAT  
GUNPLAY YOU'VE  
BEEN CRYING FOR,  
PONY! THERE'S  
YOUR GUNBELT  
ON THE DESK!  
BUCKLE IT ON!

ULP! N-NOW  
WAIT A  
MINUTE!  
IT'S A  
TRICK TO  
KILL ME!

YOU AIM TO PLUG  
ME WHEN I'M  
BUCKLING MY  
BELT! YOU'LL  
CLAIM I WENT  
FOR MY GUN...

MAYBE! I DON'T  
AIM TO LET YOU  
CROWD THAT DUMB  
KID INTO KILLING  
ME, PONY! YOU  
TALKED BIG! NOW  
MAKE YOUR PLAY!

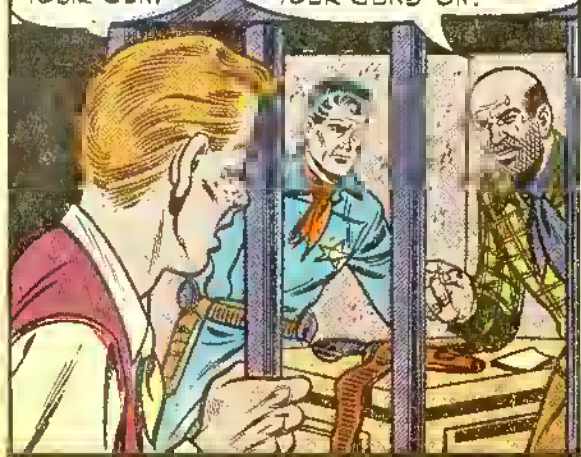


GO AHEAD,  
PONY! YOU  
CAN OUTDRAW  
HIM! PUT ON  
YOUR GUN!

SHUT UP, YUH HALF-WITTED  
BRAT! YOU HAD PLENTY OF  
CHANCE TO PLUG HIM IN  
THE BACK WHEN YOU HAD  
YOUR GUNS ON!

OH, IS THAT YOUR STYLE,  
PONY? I'LL TURN MY  
BACK, IF THAT'S WHAT  
IT TAKES TO GIVE YOU  
COURAGE!

NO, PONY! YOU SAID  
YOU WEREN'T SCARED  
OF HIM! **FACE** HIM!





I'LL FACE HIM WHEN HE'S DEAD!



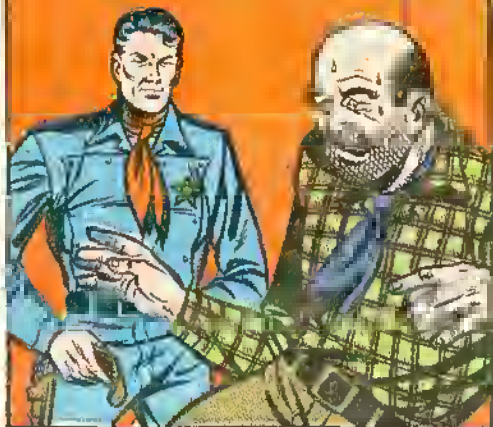
YOU PICKED A MIGHTY BRAVE HERO TO FOLLOW, BUD!



EEAAHH!

MAYBE YOU'RE JUST GUN-SHY, PONY! SO WE'LL PUT THE GUNS ASIDE AND TRY IT MY WAY!

NO! NO! GET AWAY FROM ME...



HALP... AGGGH!

HIT HIM FOR ME MARSHAL! THE DIRTY POLECAT JUST WANTED ME TO DO HIS KILLING FOR HIM!

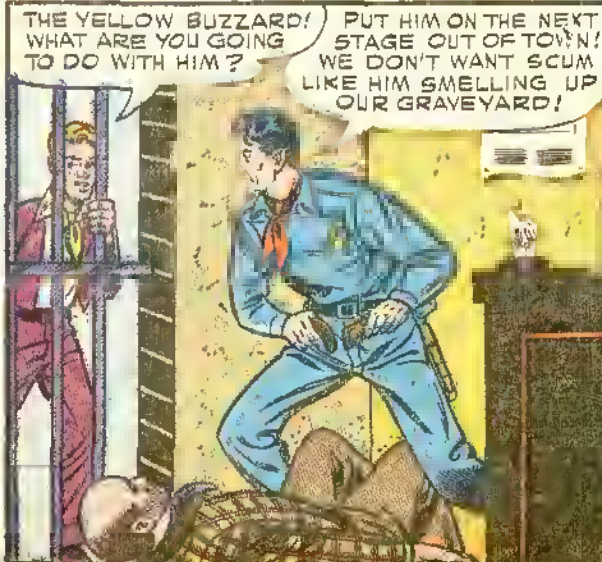


YOU DON'T EVEN STAND UP TO A STRAIGHT PUNCH!



THE YELLOW BUZZARD! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

PUT HIM ON THE NEXT STAGE OUT OF TOWN! WE DON'T WANT SCUM LIKE HIM SMELLING UP OUR GRAVEYARD!



ALL RIGHT, BUD! IT'S YOUR TURN TO BACK THE TALK! YOU WANTED A GUN REPUTATION! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! **BUCKLE ON YOUR GUNS!**



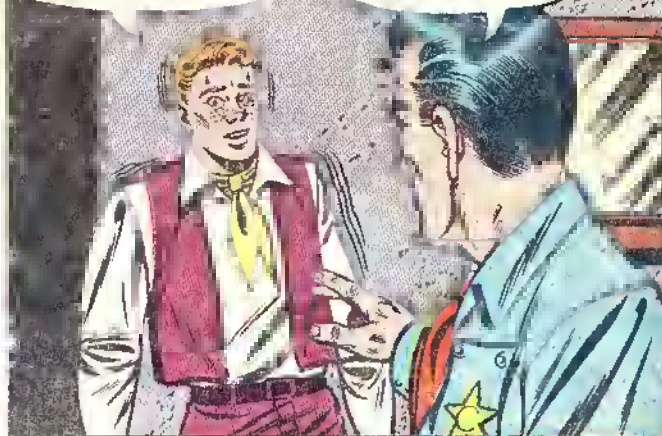
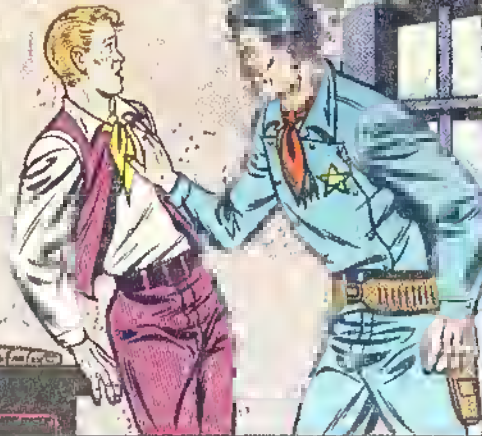


YOU-YOU'RE JOKING!  
YOU CAN'T CROWD  
ME INTO A FIGHT!  
YOU'LL KILL ME!

OR GET KILLED  
TRYING IT! YOU  
MADE BIG TALK  
ABOUT YOUR GUNS,  
BUD! PUT 'EM ON!

I D-DIDN'T MEAN IT, MARSHAL  
BOB! I DON'T W-WANT TO BE  
A GUN-FIGHTER! I J-JUST  
WANT TO GO HOME AND  
HELP BETTY RUN THE  
R-RANCH!

NO BIG REPUTATION,  
BUD? NO SWAGGERING  
DOWN THE STREET,  
KNOWING HONEST  
MEN ARE AFRAID  
OF YOU?



NO! NO!  
I'VE BEEN  
A LOCOED  
FOOL,  
MARSHAL!  
GIVE ME  
ANOTHER  
CHANCE!

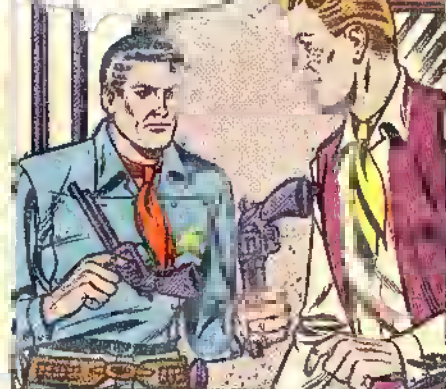
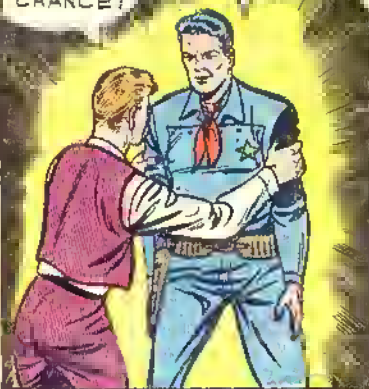
YOUR DAD WAS  
MY FRIEND, BUD!  
HE HAD A REPUTA-  
TION THAT WASN'T  
BUILT ON  
GUN-PLAY!

HE NEVER DREW  
THOSE GUNS EX-  
CEPT TO DE-  
FEND JUSTICE,  
BUD... AND HE  
NEVER WORE THEM  
UNLESS HE MEANT  
TO USE THEM!

I'LL NEVER  
WEAR THEM  
AGAIN! I  
SWEAR IT!  
YOU KEEP  
THE GUNS!

NO, BUD! YOU KEEP  
THEM! GO ON HOME,  
NOW, AND TEND TO  
YOUR JOB! CHERISH  
AND RESPECT  
THESE GUNS FOR  
WHAT THEY ARE!

I WILL,  
MARSHAL  
BOB!  
TH-THANK  
YOU!

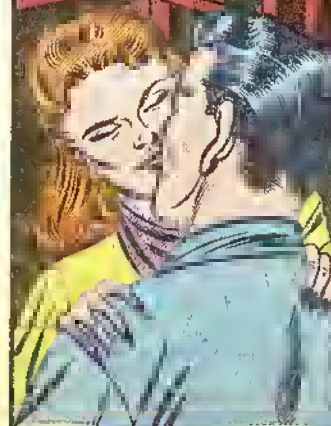


MARSHAL BOB!  
I... I STAYED  
AND LISTENED!  
THANK YOU FOR  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE!

FORGET IT, BETTY!  
BUD'S ALL RIGHT,  
DOWN INSIDE! HE  
WON'T GET ANY  
MORE CRAZY  
IDEAS, I'M SURE!

HEY... M M M M F F F!

WELL, NOW, THEY ALWAYS TOLD  
ME MY SALARY AS MARSHAL  
WOULD BE AUGMENTED BY  
**REWARDS!** I RECKON THIS  
WAS ONE OF 'EM!



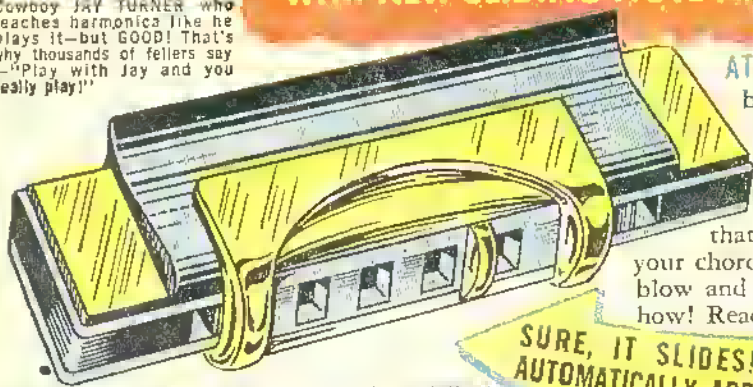




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**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY! AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**



Play for Dancing

They'll Sing With You

**LOOK! FREE!**

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Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh! Susanna!" And will you have to bear it fast to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity? Nobody else but *you!*

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You build the modern Radio shown below as part of my Servicing Course. I send you speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, everything you see pictured and **EVERYTHING** you need to build this modern Radio Receiver. Use it to make many tests, get practical experience.

**EXTRA PAY IN  
ARMY, NAVY,  
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I send you all the parts to build Transmitter shown below as part of my new Communications Course. Conduct actual procedure of Broadcast Operators, practice interesting experiments, learn how to actually put a transmitter on the air.

**NEW**

## I TRAINED THESE MEN

"After graduating, worked for servicing shop. Now Chief Engineer of three Police Radio Stations."—S. W. DINDWIDIE, Jacksonville, Illinois.

"I accepted a position as Radio and Television Technician... was promoted to manager of Television Service and Installation."—L. HAUGER, San Bruno, California.

"Four years ago, a bookkeeper on a hand-to-mouth salary, am now a Radio Engineer ABE network."—N. H. WARD, Ridgefield, Park, New Jersey.

"While learning, made \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time. Now have a profitable spare time shop."—L. A. JENOLD, Pontiac, Mich.

"Have my own shop. Am authorized serviceman for five manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers."—P. MILLER, Maumee, O.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
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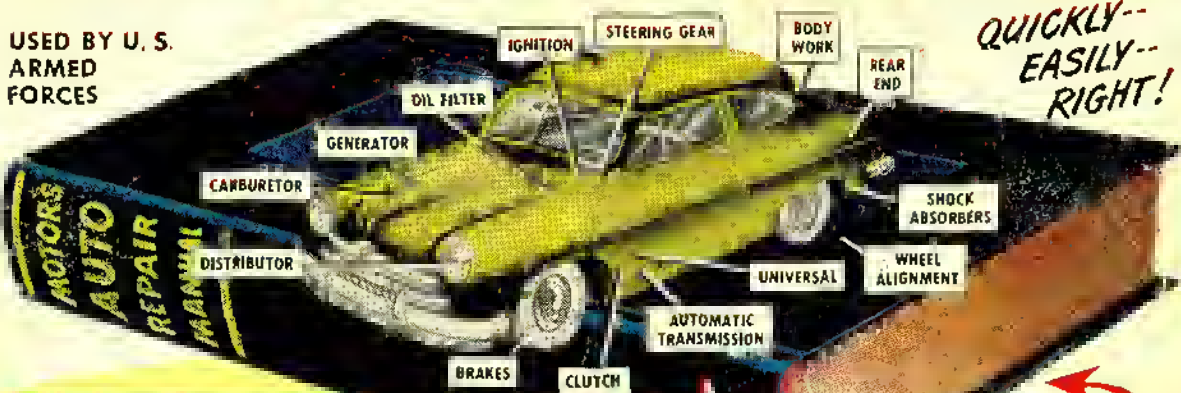
The ABC's of  
SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION



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